


AUGUST 27, 1984

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TIME

DO FIGURES LIE?
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The Mark



REPUBLICAN ENCORE



Coronation in Dallas





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Kings and 100's



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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

COVER: The G.O.P. plans a coronation in Dallas and a high-spirited campaign 8

Republicans get an unexpected boost on convention eve as the Democrats' new star, Geraldine Ferraro, trips over her husband's taxes. ▶ The G.O.P.'s election strategy is simplicity itself: Plug Ronald Reagan. ▶ A new TIME poll shows a buoyant national mood giving the President a comfortable early lead. ▶ How Michael Deaver makes Reagan be Reagan. See NATION.



WORLD: Canada's candidates begin the final sprint to the finish line 26

In that other big election, Liberal Prime Minister John Turner scrambles to catch up with Conservative Brian Mulroney. No matter who wins, Canada is certain to move toward the center. ▶ Novelist Mordecai Richler offers a view from North America's attic. ▶ Northern Ireland is plagued by the worst sectarian rioting in months. ▶ U.S. troops in West Germany are happier—and better.



BUSINESS: The pundits have turned out to be spectacularly wrong 42

Using all of their savvy and their mathematical tools, economists attempt to peer into the future. But their record lately has been something less than impressive, and that performance has raised questions about whether the forecasters are worth listening to at all. ▶ California's Financial Corporation of America stumbles badly three weeks after the bailout of Continental Illinois.



23 Nation

De Lorean is acquitted on all counts. ▶ A study claims Reagan's policies shifted \$25 billion to the rich. ▶ Tomahawk hits the target.

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This summer the courts are as crowded as the beaches with militant property owners fighting, and mostly losing to, would-be sunbathers.

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Test-tube skin, grown from small scraps of salvaged tissue, helps two young burn victims make a miraculous recovery.

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IBM throws a glittery party in Dallas to celebrate an old friend's birthday and announce some new arrivals to the family.

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Cover: Photograph by Dirck Halstead

A Letter from the Publisher

After closing this week's cover story on the G.O.P.'s election strategy, 17 editors, writers and reporter-researchers from TIME's Nation section left New York City for Dallas on the second of their quadrennial pilgrimages to the political conventions. Particularly in a carefully orchestrated gathering like the one planned by the Republicans, viewing the events on TV cannot match the chance for firsthand observation. TIME's staff members will have numerous opportunities for face-to-face encounters and candid conversations with key participants. In addition to the reception given by Time Inc. Editor in Chief Henry Grunwald and the editors of TIME at the new Dallas Museum of Art on the convention's opening evening, a series of on-the-record breakfasts, lunches and coffee meetings was scheduled.

Says Nation Senior Editor Stephen Smith: "To see top Republicans close up, away from the pressures of the convention hall, talking not only about the convention but also about political issues and problems stretching into the future, is one of the most productive features of our convention visits. Similar conversations with Democrats in San Francisco last month produced not only a special article on the party's prospects, but also material for many of our other stories."

Houston Bureau Chief David Jackson began preparing for the convention even before taking on his assignment to Texas last fall. "In fact, I've spent as much time in Dallas as in Houston



A dapper Reagan and Barrett compare tans

this year," he says. "The empty folder on which I scribbled 'Dallas' a year ago has grown to six fat ones, and I have visited the city several dozen times." Jackson will put his knowledge to work this week covering the various parties and protests aimed, in quite different ways, at attracting the Republicans' attention.

White House Correspondent Laurence Barrett has covered Ronald Reagan since the 1980 campaign; last year Doubleday published Barrett's *Gambling with History*, an account of the President's first two years in office. Dallas, says Barrett, will be "something of a nostalgia trip. The first national convention I covered was in 1964, when the Republi-

cans nominated Barry Goldwater in San Francisco; it was raucous in spirit and bitter in tone. Comparing '64 and '84, when a conservative President is headed for a serene coronation in Dallas, is quite a commentary on the country's political evolution."

The anticipated tranquility is somewhat reflected in TIME's cover photograph this week. The two relaxed Republicans posed for their portrait by Dirck Halstead at the Reagan ranch near Santa Barbara, Calif. On Thursday night the glowing pair will be posing again, this time on the podium in Dallas as thousands of cameras capture the political moment of the week.

John A. Meyers

IN DISCOVER THIS MONTH—

Plotting the Conquest of Mars.

Is there life or hope of life on this dust-blanketed thirsty planet?

And what can Earth gain by manning a mission to unlock the secrets of this alien world?

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE:

- Teaching Computers to See.
- The New Vaccines.
- Reagan vs. Mondale on Science Policy.

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Letters

Too Many People?

To the Editors:

TIME is to be commended for its coverage of "The Population Curse" [WORLD, Aug. 6]. Our solutions to all other world problems will fail if too many people are allowed to overcrowd the globe.

Brent White
Newhall, Calif.

The Reagan Administration's policy of denying funds for family planning to countries that sanction abortion is hypocritical and pathetically shortsighted. Abortions will be decreased only by providing these nations with better methods for preventing conception.

Nancy J. Treat
Morgantown, W. Va.



Finally someone has said it: the threat to human existence comes not from thermonuclear weapons but from the proliferation of our own species.

Robert A. France
Oxnard, Calif.

Your cover phrase "The Population Curse" is insensitive and callous. People should never be viewed as a curse.

(The Rev.) F. Douglas Morgan Sr.
Dillon, S.C.

Your report misses a central point. No matter how deprived the urban poor are, they are better off than the rural poor. It is essential to increase rural productivity through land reform and technology. Otherwise, attempts to improve our population centers will further widen the urban-rural gap and lead to even higher migration into cities, thus nullifying whatever improvements are made in those metropolitan areas.

Raaj Kumar Sah
New Haven, Conn.

Research on birth rates shows that along with strengthening planned-parenthood programs, each country has to carry out additional strategies to slow the

growth of population and urbanization. If infant and child mortality were reduced and if social security for the elderly were introduced, couples would not feel the need to have many sons with the hope that one or two would survive to care for the parents in their old age. Similarly, literacy, especially for women, would help delay the age of marriage and would also bring greater understanding and acceptance of family-planning methods.

Moni Nag, Senior Associate
The Population Council
New York City

It is amazing how our Government can relate the population explosion to the philosophy of free-market principles, that is, that people constitute a growing market. By impeding efforts to limit the number of births, the Administration is condemning more and more individuals to death through starvation.

Thomas Pirko
Niles, Ohio

By supporting a church that teaches that contraception is a sin, we Catholics are contributing to a system that brings premature death and suffering to millions. Could it be that contemporary American Catholics are as blind and self-serving as were the sincere Christian slave owners of the 18th and 19th centuries?

Paschal Baute
Lexington, Ky.

Your story on overpopulation propagates a myth that serves to justify abortion, infanticide and euthanasia. The facts simply do not support your dire assertions. If all the people of the world were brought together in one place, they could stand, without touching, in less than 400 sq. mi.

A further fallacy is the assumption that the greater the population, the lower the standard of living. This is not true. Japan has a population density of 829 people per sq. mi., yet has a higher per capita gross national product (\$10,080) than India, which has 577 people per sq. mi. (\$260).

(The Rev.) Jeffrey A. Carroll
Toledo

Central American nations rely on the U.S. to absorb much of their overflow population through legal and illegal immigration. If our Government continues to oblige these countries, our standard of living will be reduced and a new poverty-stricken underclass will come into being. Central America will not begin serious birth control programs until it knows that expansion to the north will be limited.

Irvin G. Henry
Pasadena, Calif.

So overpopulation is to blame for Mexico City's smog, traffic jams, slums and even rats. The U.S., with 1.8 children per woman of child-bearing age,

over-the-counter contraceptives and abortion on demand, has those same problems. We ought to put our own house in order before entering the bedrooms of the Third World.

Virginia S. Daum
West Milton, Ohio

Mexico City's problem is not primarily its high birth rate but a high rate of immigration from rural areas. The Communist Chinese have "solved" this problem by making it illegal for peasants to move to the cities. Shanghai may have no "squatters living in shacks," but there are hundreds of millions of peasants in hill and mountain areas where conditions are far worse than those encountered in a Mexico City *barrio*.

Steven Mosher
Fresno, Calif.

Mexico City's desperate problems can be solved only by creating a new and distant federal capital. There are precedents for this. Constantine moved the seat of his empire from Rome to Byzantium (A.D. 330); the fledgling U.S. wanted a national capital with no ties to either North or South and created Washington (1790); the Australians moved their capital to the new city of Canberra (1927); and Brazil—with many of the problems of Mexico—boldly developed Brasilia (1960).

G.E. Kidder Smith
New York City

I lived in Mexico City most of my life and saw its transformation from a small, placid, clean city into the monster it has become. The worst problem continues to be corruption at all levels of government. If 30 public officials were to return what they "borrowed," Mexico's foreign debt could be paid in less than one week.

Carlos Cutler
San Diego

Olympic Opener

In all my 73 years I have never seen anything to compare with the opening ceremony of these Games [OLYMPICS, Aug. 6]. The occasion was unsurpassed in spirit, execution and excellence.

Judd H. Black
Rochester

As I watched the spectacle, I rejoiced that I am not the one responsible for organizing the Seoul Olympics in 1988. Anything I could do would pale in comparison with Los Angeles' magnificent show.

Adzhar Ibrahim
Penang, Malaysia

I congratulate David Wolper, Hollywood and the U.S. for the splendor and professionalism of the opening ceremony. Unfortunately, it was a celebration of American power, not world peace.

Marie-Lynne Beyreuth
Montreal

Off-Told Tale

In your article on Los Angeles [SPECIAL REPORT, July 30] Gregory Jaynes relates the kinky sex story about a photographer who picks up a woman in a bar in Marina del Rey, ties her up in her apartment, leaves to get his camera, and then cannot find his way back to her apartment. I read a variation of this same story in Philip Roth's novel *The Professor of Desire*.

*Beverly Freedenthal
Houston*

Writer Jaynes, who confesses to never having read *The Professor of Desire*, was told the story by a photographer who swears it happened to him.

ABC's Games

Hooray for ABC's technological bravura [VIDEO, Aug. 6]! But the commentators? One was openly enthusiastic when a Rumanian woman gymnast fumbled on the parallel bars. The network should not trample the Olympic spirit with such demonstrations of chauvinism and bad sportsmanship.

*Omar Yacoub
White Plains, N.Y.*

Thank heaven for the Canadian Broadcasting Corp., which gave mature and sensitive coverage to the Olympics opening ceremonies. After 30 minutes of ABC's constant commercials and chatter, we switched channels and were able to enjoy that once-in-a-lifetime spectacular in peace.

*Granvyl G. Hulse Jr.
Colebrook, N.H.*

Ferraro's Roots

I can understand the enthusiasm that Geraldine Ferraro's nomination generates among Italian Americans [NATION, July 23]. However, I find the excitement a little exaggerated. All Americans except Indians have their roots in other countries. Ferraro was born in Newburgh, N.Y., was raised and educated in the U.S. and is therefore 100% American. I cannot see any cultural ties with her relatives still in Italy.

*Renzo Nissim
Rome*

Joggers' Longevity

While reading the comments on Jim Fixx's death, I was amused by the quote from Dr. George Sheehan: "You are more likely to die if you don't jog than if you do" [MEDICINE, Aug. 6]. Apparently dreams of immortality die hard.

*Lisa Moran
Hamden, Conn.*

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR should be addressed to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020, and should include the writer's full name, address and home telephone. Letters may be edited for purposes of clarity or space.

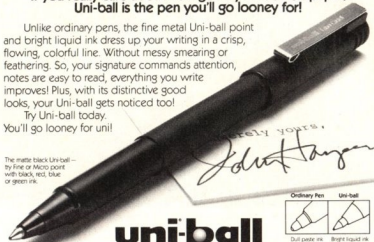
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American Scene

In Las Vegas: Working Hard for the Money



A ladies' room is a perfect spot for repairs and reflection on how the evening is going

Eight o'clock in the evening is a slow, sullen hour in Sin City, a.k.a. Lost Wages. "I'm tired," whines a member of the United States Twirling Association. "C'mon, we're supposed to be having fun," snaps her companion, a clone. In razor-crease jeans and stiletto heels they stamp into the ladies' room, flounce around the corner past the polished washbasins and disappear into the two long rows of toilet stalls. They are the kind of girls who obey their mothers' warnings never to sit on strange toilet seats. Attendants have to nip in after that type, making sure the next woman will have no unpleasant surprises. That is the sort of job specification that made Donna Summer's song about a ladies' room attendant, *She Works Hard for the Money*, a big hit, especially in the neon city.

A circle of flattering pink mirrors catches multiple reflections of the plaster statue of Diana. On the dusty-rose settee, two elderly ladies in Orlon lace sweaters tell each other racist jokes and giggle. The attendant, who is black, has just unwrapped twelve rolls of toilet paper and is now dragging two huge bags of trash out the door. She passes an aghast English-speaking European tourist, who apparently expected Las Vegas to be more in the style of James Bond at Monte Carlo.

Two women on the far side of 45 stand next to each other before the washbasins, excavating makeup from the inside corners of their eyes. Vision restored, they notice they are wearing the same velour jogging suit. The turquoise version is from Pasadena, Calif., the deep pink from Evanston, Ill. Imagine that! Instant sisterhood. Evanston, who is in real estate and relaxes by playing the slots, says, "Have

you got one of those rooms with the round bed and the mirror on the ceiling? Just out of curiosity, I asked the bellboy what it would cost me to get some company. He said, 'It's hard to get any kind of a sharp looker in here for less than \$100. But you shouldn't have any trouble on your own.' So I checked out the craps tables. This adorable guy, my type, with the Southern drawl, the boots and the \$500 chips, told me to step right up and be his good luck. Well, after ten minutes I realized I'd have to stand there all night to shift his attention away from the table."

"Yeah," says Pasadena, "I'm married to one of those kind of guys." Pause. "Did you say \$100? That seems sort of high." Both women scrub hands blackened from pushing hundreds of coins into slot machines, and then each takes one thin quarter from the paper cup holding her slot-machine supplies and deposits it on the tip plate. An attendant, sweeping together the wreckage of paper products they have left behind, says, "Women don't tip like men. Sometimes I don't take home more than \$6 in tips."

At 11 o'clock everyone is friendly, wide awake and ready for action. A response of "Nice dress" to "You like that mascara?" leads, within minutes, to "So I told him, if he wants to see those children, he has to stop tearing them up emotionally." A circle of strangers, all intricately wielding lip pencils, choruses sympathetically, "Baby, I know just what you mean." A dealer from another casino drops in to visit a friend, who looks at the dealer's name tag and says, "Bernadette? Since when?" The real name is Pamela, but, she says, "I'm sick of it. I tried Edith one time

and all I got was 'Oh ho, Edith, have your cake and Edith too, eh?' Mona is best. It sounds sort of untouchable." The false Bernadette says she had dinner with "someone influential, very prominent in town." This is code for someone with reputed underworld ties. "It was boring. I'm not going out again until I find someone as smart as my ten-year-old son."

A classic bimbo comes in, a sincere (as opposed to commercial) bimbo, a woman who has chosen her life-style and works hard at it. She is accompanied by a bimbo-in-training, a young woman who has not yet imagined all the places blusher can be applied. Both wear draped and beaded jersey jumpsuits. It is hard to go to the bathroom in such garments, and the subsequent readjustment involves lots of friendly bantering with the attendant. "We came with some degenerates who went straight to the tables. They haven't even been up to our rooms." ("Degenerate" is an acknowledged category of gambler in Las Vegas, one step ahead of "compulsive" on the road to ruin.) In perfect synchronization, the two women lean over with brushes in both hands, and each beats her hair into a froth. Upright again, both declare, "Ugh! Straw!" The little bimbo says, "I'd never put color on my hair. People would think I was phony." Her mentor, wiser and blonder, lets the remark pass. She takes out a small bottle and sprays her face. "Baby oil. Gives you that fresh, dewy look." But doesn't it smudge? "Oh, you never let them play kissy face—it ruins your makeup." They depart from the premises, the big bimbo's cleavage prompting admiring stares from a mother and daughter in windbreakers. Says Mom to newlywed daughter: "How'd you like to have a pair like that?"

At 2 o'clock in the morning the tourists are as blurred and fading as children allowed up past bedtime. The women who work the graveyard shift sneak in for a cigarette. Says a cocktail waitress: "We're supposed to go to desig-



nated areas for our breaks, and otherwise the bosses want us out on the floor all the time." "The bosses" is the Las Vegas equivalent of "the Man," covering every rank of power from a floor supervisor to a casino manager to the Mob to God. The bosses are, almost without exception, men. "Dorks, all of them," says a cashier. "A boss asked me out last week. We'd go to the mountains, he said. You guessed it. No mountains. Halfway through dinner he says, 'Are we going to get between the sheets or not?' Cute, huh? Lucky thing I brought my own car." She takes out a tube of Super Glue and, in a surrealistic gesture worthy of Buñuel, reattaches a thumb-nail that is one and a half inches long.

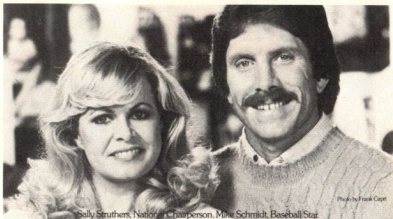
Fingernail maintenance seems to fill the hours women once devoted to straightening stocking seams and rolling pin curls. The ladies' room crowd admires a tourist, the owner of a nail shop in California, who reveals a gold nail set with diamonds on her left ring finger. But the home champ is Leta Powers, whose nails are polished, striped with silver and pierced with little gold circles and charms. Leta works as a Goddess, which means she is a cocktail waitress at Caesars Palace, a hotel and casino organized around a spurious Greco-Roman theme. Locally, the Goddesses are dubbed coneheads, after the shape of the false hairpiece that is part of the costume. Unchanged since the hotel opened in 1966, the uniform, with its uncomfortable corset top and cutie-pie short pleated skirt, is as archaic as the clothes in a Currier & Ives print. The Goddesses, carrying a tray of drinks in one hand, give a thin gloss of glamour to a job that is a grueling eight-hour hike in high heels. But, says Goddess Bonnie Arrage, "I'm one of nine sisters, born in Kentucky. I was working as a secretary in Michigan, and I got laid off. I decided I wanted to go where there was money left in the world. For someone like me, with only a high school education, this is opportunity city."

All night the conversation threads along: aching feet, daughters' weddings, chemotherapy, whether or not it will rain that weekend—and men. A coffee-shop hostess says, "You know Howard? My old boyfriend? He's seeing a new girl. She's 30, with two kids. They've already got an apartment together. Well, last night he comes into my place. I gave him one of my superduper dirty looks. He says I've got to talk to him because the two of them need money. He wants to borrow some. Can you imagine?"

Jean Brown is the attendant from 2 a.m. to 10 a.m., and she knows what to say: "You keep a positive outlook. Don't give up. Keep faith in yourself. You never know when Mr. Right will show up."

The hostess sighs. "I never thought I'd be carrying menus at 35." And then, "What do you think I ought to wear when he comes back to get the money?"

—By Jane O'Reilly



Sally Struthers, National Chairperson, Mike Schmidt, Baseball Star

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Getting ready for the Lone Star love fest: Reagan and White House Chief of Staff James Baker review a draft of the President's acceptance speech

Nation

TIME/AUGUST 27, 1984

COVER STORIES

Party Time in Dallas

The Republicans attend a coronation while the Democrats falter



The throat-clearing chore of drafting a platform was complete, and the rafter-reaching speeches were about to begin. Inside the cavernous Dallas Convention Center, workmen folded down the last bright red cushion of the hall's 17,000 seats, providing a telegenic color complement to the acres of blue carpeting. VIPs began slipping into town, arriving between meetings in stretch limousines, some with real Texas longhorns protruding from their hoods. The blast-furnace August climate was performing on cue, with temperatures reaching the 100° mark. But the Big D's air-conditioned interiors were frigid enough to give a reasonable life expectancy to the ice-sculpted elephants that will serve as mascots at off-hours bashes. In short, the stage was set last week for the Republicans' Lone Star love fest, their 33rd national convention, which they hope will lead to four more years of G.O.P. tenancy in the White House.

The show's headliner, Ronald Rea-

gan, was not due in town until Wednesday. Earlier in the week he planned to make campaign stops in Missouri, Illinois and Ohio. He was also putting the finishing touches on his Thursday-evening acceptance speech, an occasion that will mark the beginning of his last campaign for public office (see following story) and provide him with an opportunity to outline his vision of the Republican Party's future.

By the gauge of last week's pre-convention maneuverings, the rallying cry of the present is "Rightward ho!" The conservative wing of the party prevailed on virtually all of the relatively few platform contests, including a call to appoint only opponents of abortion to the federal bench, a rejection of the Equal Rights Amendment and support of voluntary school prayer. Gloated North Carolina Senator Jesse Helms, who fought unsuccessfully for conservative stands at previous G.O.P. conventions: "Tom Sawyer found someone else to paint the fence, and so did I."

Very much in attendance at the preliminaries were members of the so-called

Class of '88, the party leaders who hope to win command in the post-Reagan era. A heavy schedule of howdying was blocked out for Vice President George Bush. Congressman Jack Kemp was one of the chief draftsmen of the platform's economic planks, including its stand against a tax increase in the near future. Senate Majority Leader Howard Baker and Kansas Senator Robert Dole were honing their prime-time speeches, as was Dole's wife Elizabeth, the Secretary of Transportation. "We're trying to coordinate them," quipped the Senator. "So far hers is done and I haven't started."

Ironically, for many of the 2,235 delegates and 12,000 journalists in Dallas, the week's top political news was likely to come not from the convention at all, but from Washington. There, Geraldine Ferraro, the Democrats' nominee for Vice President and the only woman ever nominated for national office by a major party, planned to make public her own and Husband John Zaccaro's tax returns since 1978. What turned this normally uneventful chore into high political drama for both parties was a bombshell casually

dropped last week by Ferraro as she set off on her first solo campaign trip: instead of attaching both sets of income tax filings to her financial-disclosure forms, as she had earlier promised, Ferraro said she would disclose only her own. Reason: Zaccaro had balked at releasing his returns, claiming that such disclosure would "affect" his real estate business.

By the time Ferraro announced on Saturday that Zaccaro would release his returns too, a great deal of political damage had been done. The suggestion that Walter Mondale's running mate had something to hide, and the clumsy way she had handled the furor, gave the G.O.P. an opportunity to attack the woman candidate without seeming to be malechauvinist bullies. At last, sighed a G.O.P. strategist, "a genderless issue."

But the Republicans were not free of potentially far-reaching embarrassments either. Reagan's penchant for clever banter got him into trouble not once but twice last week as he carelessly made light of the one subject off limits to presidential humor: nuclear war. The incident began with a request for a voice-level check just prior to Reagan's weekly radio show. Instead of replying with the usual "Testing, one, two, three," Reagan intoned, "My fellow Americans, I am pleased to tell you today that I've signed legislation that will outlaw Russia forever. We begin bombing in five minutes."

Though technically off the record (*see* PRESS), the quip was picked up by newspapers and broadcast on television news. Reagan was taken to task by Mondale and Ferraro, among other Democrats, and even more vociferously by friends and foes abroad. The Soviet news agency TASS deplored the joke as "unprecedentedly hostile toward the U.S.S.R. This conduct is incompatible with the high responsibility borne by heads of states." But Reagan evidently failed to recognize the danger that the crack would revive his gunslinger image, both at home and overseas. At a meeting with Jewish leaders at the White House five days later, he fueled the controversy by informing his guests with a folksy grin that he was "not going to bomb Russia in the next five minutes."

The Democrats also got political mileage out of a startling admission by White House Deputy Chief of Staff Michael Deaver on the NBC *Nightly News*. Responding to a question, Deaver confirmed that his boss occasionally dozes off at "boring" Cabinet meetings. Said Ferraro: "Amazing."

Ferraro must have thought some of her own troubles were amazing too. To her annoyance and the dismay of the Mondale camp, the tax returns issue



Republican heavyweights: circus elephants parade in front of the Dallas Convention Center

popped up nearly everywhere she campaigned and completely dominated her sessions with the press. At one news conference, 18 out of 20 questions concerned her family finances. On at least two occasions she became visibly rattled, her hands trembling out of anger or frustration.

That was an especially troublesome sign, since one of the roles Mondale is counting on Ferraro to play is that of political street fighter. Ferraro's self-judgment was hardly kind. Only half-jokingly calling herself "a disaster at this stuff," Ferraro admitted that she has "got to get a little more control of myself."

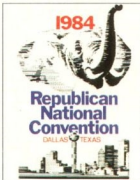
For the most part, the Republicans let the press carry the issue for them. Among those who did comment was Dole, who was asked how Ferraro can be fairly asked to disclose information not required by law. "It's a tough assignment, but so is dealing with the Soviets," Dole shot back with relish. The crack lost much of its bite when Dole acknowledged that only his own tax return—not that of his wife—was made public when he ran for Vice President in 1976.

Adding to Ferraro's disarray was the reappearance of another old controversy: the illegal funding of her first congressional election campaign in 1978. Though campaign loans are limited to \$1,000 per individual, Ferraro's election committee was bankrolled by loans totaling \$134,000 from Zaccaro and their three children.

The FEC fined the Ferraro campaign \$750 for the violation, after accepting the sworn statements of Zaccaro, who served as campaign manager, and the committee treasurer that they had been assured that the loans were proper by David Stein, a former FEC attorney. Last week Stein issued a statement claiming that he informally advised the Ferraro campaign that "I did not believe that it would be permissible" to accept large family loans. Zaccaro and the campaign treasurer continued to stick to their original account.

Meanwhile, Mondale's staff was holding private negotiations with Jesse Jackson over his role in the campaign, even while the principals bickered in public. Jackson complained in a Los Angeles *Times* interview that Mondale has "no coherent regional or national strategy or themes to attract black voters." After that remark was published, reporters overheard Mondale muttering, "It looks like I'm going to have to win this on my own." In fact, the nub of the talk between the two camps has less to do with strategy than with wings: Jackson wants his own airplane during the campaign. The candidate's relations with blacks were further jolted when Atlanta Mayor Andrew Young, upset by the Mondale staff's resistance to outside advice, said the campaign was run by "smart-ass white boys who think they know it all."

At week's end both Mondale and Ferraro returned to their home bases, ceding center stage to the Republicans in Dallas. They must have been hoping for the G.O.P. to put on a good show—good enough, anyway, to drown out the din over their own troubles. —By William R. Doerner. Reported by David Beckwith with Ferraro and John E. Yang/Dallas



The Magic and the Message

After 20 years in politics, Reagan is revved up for a last hurrah

CAMPAIGN



The script is plotted down to the hour, computers are spinning out electoral-vote permutations, in-house pollsters are tracking every nuance of the electorate's mood. Yet for all the number crunching and tactical machinations, the Republicans' re-election strategy is not conceptually elaborate: in essence, it consists of two words—Ronald Reagan. The President's men have good reason to believe they can win simply by flying him to the right places at the right times and letting him wow the voters.

The candidate is game. As he is nominated this week in Dallas, and then embarks on the final campaign of his 20-year political career, it should again become clear just how deeply he relishes the public flash, the roar of the crowd, the visceral approbation. After the official Labor Day kickoff deep in Reagan's home territory, near Disneyland in ultraconservative Anaheim, Calif., he will be on the road three days a week at first, more later. The candidate positively twitches for this last national battle to begin.

Indeed, to Reagan, the acts of campaigning for President and being President tend to merge and become one seamless public performance. His presidency has been loaded with theatricality; if all goes according to plan, his campaign will be full of presidential grandeur. Reagan just may be the most naturally and skillfully exuberant presidential campaigner of this century. When he addressed 20,000 red-hot devotees in Austin a few weeks ago, the audience hollered and clapped; Reagan's energy level rose in response; the crowd grew more frenzied in turn. "He loved it," says one campaign aide. "Absolutely loved it."

By usual standards of presidential performance, Reagan might be judged a failure. He regularly loses track of his facts, or gets them wrong, and he follows his ideology no matter where it leads. Several of his subordinates have shown egregious lapses in judgment. Many others are mediocre. His budget is preposterously out of balance, and generally his programs have tended to hurt the poor. For these reasons, a large minority of Americans are neither charmed nor disarmed by the easy Reagan smile, the low-key Reagan warmth and the relentless Reagan sincerity.

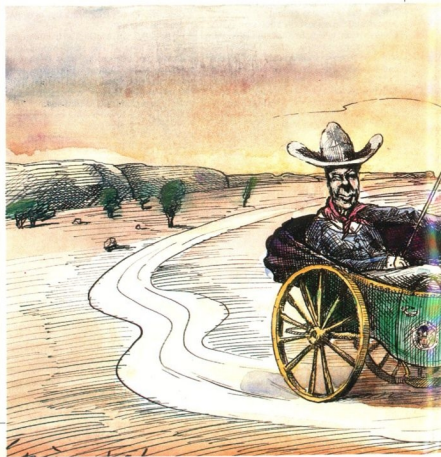
But with most citizens, he seems to have established an uncanny rapport, beyond political agreement or disagreement, as if he were a favorite twinkly uncle who

happened to make it to the Oval Office. Not since Dwight Eisenhower has the U.S. public felt such fondness for its leader, and not since Franklin Roosevelt has any President seemed quite so relaxed about the job. Reagan's political adversaries concede his special knack for coming across as both engagingly human and larger than life. Says Robert Lent, a regional director of the United Auto Workers: "He looks good and he's an actor. He's the kind of guy you could strike up a conversation with if he lived in the neighborhood."

Why have Americans seemed so generous toward Reagan? Pundits resort to a kind of mystical non-analysis: some unprecedented "Teflon factor," they say, has permitted him to escape public blame; no failure sticks. Walter Mondale's hope is that before Americans step into the polling booths, they will come to see that the Teflon is just a thin coating, that the President beneath is oblivious and misguided. "Mondale and Ferraro are putting up warning signs," notes a White House strategist. "They are saying the next four

years will be dangerous if Reagan is re-elected. We will have to respond to that." The wishful Democratic scenario has the electorate looking toward a problematic future and deciding that one term of the Reagan regimen has been O.K., but that one term was enough.

Indeed, zigzags in support for Reagan indicate that voters are ambivalent, fond of him personally but uneasy about many of his policies. In a recent Harris poll, for instance, he gets an overall positive rating of 55%, while 63% disapprove of his Central American and arms-control policies. Generally, however, the numbers are discouraging to Democrats. In a new Yankelevich, Skelly & White survey conducted for TIME, 45% of respondents say they would vote for Reagan, 31% for Mondale (see following story). Interestingly, all the national polls found Mondale's postnomination surge to be short-lived. Pollster Lou Harris believes that the hoopla surrounding the Olympics "totally wiped the memory of the Democratic Convention away." Political professionals regard sur-



mer surveys as rough sketches of attitudes, however, believing that voters do not focus on the campaign until after Labor Day. Reagan's analysts say they expect the President's lead to shrink, but even the rare White House pessimists count on staying ahead by at least four points.

The Reaganites do not seriously consider the possibility of losing. Although the campaign's success will hinge to an unusual degree on the candidate's personal magic, he is more than just a jolly master of ceremonies: Reagan goes to the voters with a message and a record in office. "I see him running on the same broad principles he ran on in 1980," says James Baker, his chief of staff. Reagan remains devoted to cutting back social programs (although he declines to be specific), to increasing the Pentagon budget further, to hanging tough with the Soviet Union and to preaching the New Right line on social issues. Moreover, the President is still trying to pitch himself as a crusading outsider, even after a term in the White House. "He thinks Congress and the bureaucracy are the Government," explains an aide.

Although his ideological bent is virtually unchanged since 1980, Reagan has accommodated himself to the political exigencies of governing. He adheres to the terms of the unratified SALT II nuclear arms treaty that he condemned as a candidate four years ago. Lately he has of-



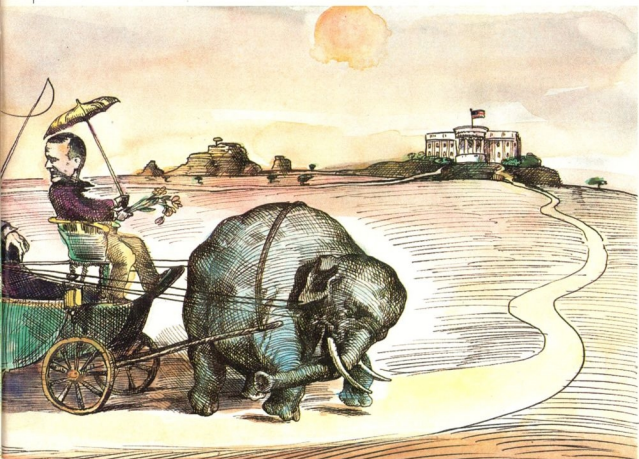
fered to meet with the Soviets. He has not abolished the Departments of Energy and Education, as promised. In all, the Democrats will find it harder to portray Reagan as a radical. Indeed, the G.O.P. platform, its language on taxes and classroom prayer sessions toughened up last week by the party's dominant right wing, puts Reagan in the remarkable position of running a bit to the left of his party's positions.

"It's a lot easier to be a Reagan Republican today than it was in 1982," says Connecticut G.O.P. Chairman Thomas D'Amore. Since then Reagan has diluted his anti-Soviet rhetoric and, at least as significant for his re-election prospects, the grim recession has ended. Inflation is at a twelve-year low, unemployment is no worse than when Reagan took office, interest rates have fallen nine points from their peak in 1980. "The perceived wellbeing of the economy is very good," says Southern Pollster Claibourne Darden. "Whether Reagan is responsible for it or

not is [politically] immaterial." A line Reagan used with great effect in his campaign against Jimmy Carter is, in 1984, a reverse show-stopper. "Tell me," he asked in Austin last month, "are you better off today than you were four years ago?" "Yes!" they screamed. His advisers are determined to make the economic recovery the campaign issue, and believe the President must insistently take credit for it. "He's not going to be a Rose Garden President and sit on a lead," says an adviser. "Ronald Reagan is at his best when he's on the offensive."

Reagan was definitely on the offensive when, in a recent speech stuffed with the kind of provocative language he calls "raw meat," he slashed at the Democrats. "Those responsible for punishing America with record inflation, record interest rates, record tax increases... farm embargoes, gas lines... weakness abroad and phony excuses about malaise," Reagan declared, "are the last people who should give sermons about misery, unfairness and compassion. Don't let them bury the American dream in their graveyard of gloom and envy."

From the podium this week in the Dallas Convention Center, the President's tone will surely be more generous and magisterial. That is all according to plan. During the campaign, explains a political adviser, "you'll see aggressive speeches alternating in phases with 'statesmanlike' material." In his statesman mode, the President will let his opti-



Nation

mism gush, encouraging voters to attribute the upbeat national mood to the presence of Ronald Reagan in the White House. Given the Democrats' recent flag-waving, middle-class tilt, he will work hard to protect his motherhood-and-apple-pie franchise.

The Republican political machine looks powerful, its nuts and bolts in place. The mistrust between moderates and conservatives continues, but in most states the re-election campaigns seem not to be suffering much from the rift. The G.O.P. is exceptionally well funded. During January, February and March, the National Committee and its two congressional adjuncts raised \$42 million; the Democrat counterparts could collect just \$7.3 million. The Republicans will spend \$13 million trying to register 2 million new voters, and as much as \$15 million more to mobilize Reagan supporters on Nov. 6. The net is rather finely woven to let in only conservatives: the vestibules of many fundamentalist churches have stacks of registration forms, and high-income suburban zip codes are targeted for canvassing.

On Election Day the selective G.O.P. registration drives look to get a lot of bang

for the buck. The higher a citizen's income, the more likely he is to vote, and Reagan's greatest support is among high-income people. But just the rich, or even just Republicans, cannot carry the election for Reagan. To do well, he must rack up more decisive victories in the South than he did in 1980 and pull nearly half the votes of manual workers. Says a Reagan aide: "We need to get a coalition of rednecks, white collars and blue collars."

Geraldine Ferraro is a new variable in this political calculus. While it is unlikely that she will provide the Democrats with millions of converts, she may help limit Reagan's inroads into traditionally Democratic voters who share her background—blue-collar Roman Catholics generally, Italian Americans in particular. She also seems certain to consolidate the Democratic ticket's support among women, especially younger women.

Voters constitute ethnic, class and cultural constituencies, but they live in states: victory comes from winning individual states and thus a majority of U.S. electoral votes, at least 270 of 538. The Democrats, for starters, concede about 20

states and at least 120 electoral votes to Reagan. They claim an edge in nine states (and Washington, D.C.), with 90 electoral votes. By the Democrats' optimistic reckoning, that leaves 20 states up for grabs. The outlook in each region:

The West. This vast territory has been a breeze for G.O.P. presidential candidates since 1948, and Reagan-style Republicanism—siney self-reliance, plain and simple—is a Western strain. The Republicans will probably lose Hawaii, as in 1980, but intend to win all twelve remaining states. California, with 47 electoral votes, is the mother lode. In a state that prizes novelty and pizzazz, Ferraro could conceivably spur a Democratic upset. But probably not. "Maybe Mrs. Ferraro will make it possible for Walter Mondale to have a respectable loss," gibes Ted Hicks, the Los Angeles County G.O.P. chairman. Ronald Reagan has won California every time out (twice for Governor, four G.O.P. presidential primaries, the 1980 election); Walter Mondale lost big in last June's Democratic primary. Says Mickey Kantor, Mondale's California campaign manager: "There is always a first time."

Reagan won Oregon and Washington



in 1980, but Jimmy Carter and Independent John Anderson together received nearly as many votes. The Democrats have a good chance in Oregon and plan a serious campaign in Washington.

The South. Texas is a hybrid of the Republican West and conservative South, but the G.O.P. has not had anything like a lock on the Lone Star State: Democrats won Texas in four of the past six presidential elections. Still, the polls and almost all the local hunches give the state and its 29 electoral votes to Reagan. For one thing, although the Hispanic vote is significant (17.7%) and overwhelmingly Democratic, macho Mexican-American men may resist the prospect of a female Vice President. For another, Reagan's happy-go-lucky cowboy style and his free-market economics seem to suit Texans.

Of the other Southern states, which among them have 109 electoral votes, the President has a decent chance to win all ten. The Democrats, however, write off only Florida and Virginia. Mondale Campaign Chairman James Johnson says that "Tennessee is close" and that Georgia, Alabama and "maybe even Mississippi" are winnable. Right now,



Man of many hats: smiling in a Stetson, tipping Coast Guard, addressing Legion, passing for a trucker

however, the region is Reagan's to lose. The most recent Darden poll showed Reagan with an enormous 26% regional lead. White Southerners tend to share his extreme hawkishness and his distaste for civil rights schemes like affirmative action. "I think Reagan can just sleep late," says John Havick, a Georgia Tech political scientist. "He's got these people."

The Democrats' tenuous Southern hopes rest on the black vote. A University of Alabama poll found that Reagan is leading in the state just 46% to 40%. If the party is able to generate huge black turnouts in Alabama (where 23% of the electorate is black), South Carolina (28% black), Georgia (22%), Mississippi (26%) and Louisiana (25%), and capture at least a third of the white vote in each state, the

President could be denied Dixie. The recent trend in voter registration worries the G.O.P.: according to the *American Political Report*, a Republican-run newsletter, black registration in the region increased by about 700,000 since 1980, while white registration declined by more than 200,000.

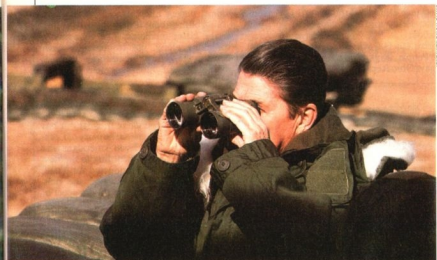
For the next two months, the critical thrust of both parties' Southern campaigns may be their respective registration efforts. No doubt the G.O.P. enterprise has in many places been able to benefit from racial fears and thus transform white nonvoters and Democrats into registered Republicans. In North Carolina (19% black electorate), says Elections Director Alex Brock, "Jesse Jackson began registration in the churches. But the Moral Majority picked up on it and may have surpassed him." In six months, G.O.P. registrations in rural Scotland County, N.C., increased from about 1,000 to almost 2,300. Lamarr Mooneyham, a Moral Majority official, says he has indeed been "fishing for conservatives in church waters." The white vote, however, is no solid bloc of fundamentalists, and some backlash seems possible. The Darden poll asked about a hypothetical endorsement by Moral Majority Founder Jerry Falwell, who is campaigning for Reagan. By a ratio of 3 to 1, Southerners said they would be less likely to support a candidate endorsed by Falwell.

The East. This region is the stickiest for Reagan. He has little chance in Maryland, Rhode Island and Massachusetts. Although he won every Northeastern state except Rhode Island in 1980, including Pennsylvania and New York, only New Hampshire actually gave him a majority. Yankee prudence might be especially offended by Reagan's profligate budget deficits.

In every New England state, Anderson attracted between 10% and 15% of the 1980 vote. This fall, a majority of the 5.7 million Anderson voters is expected to go to the Democrats. Many of them are members of *The Big Chill* generation, who tend to be cool on Reagan. Says a White House strategist: "We have problems among those who were of college age during the Viet Nam War."

The crucial states in the East are New

Economy, diplomacy, security: the President talks to Tacoma, Wash., lumbermen, receives French President Mitterrand and, in South Korea, scans the DMZ and addresses U.S. troops





Heads up: stamping in New Jersey, mugging as a miner, navigating the Ohio, laboring as a hardhat

York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey, with 77 electoral votes among them. Reagan is probably slightly behind in the first two. John Sears, who managed Reagan's 1980 primary campaign, has intriguing advice for his former boss: he would press hard in New York, drawing the Democrat's money and attention. Thus Mondale, Sears suggests, "would have to say things that turn off the South and West. That way Reagan shores up his base while attacking Mondale's." The G.O.P. believes that the anti-Semitic flickers in Jesse Jackson's campaign have made it possible to attract Democratic Jewish voters, who make up a fifth of the New York electorate.

New Jersey has gone for every Republican since 1968. The recession was mild and the recovery robust. Even Gerald McCann, the Democratic chairman in thickly Democratic Hudson County, will probably support Reagan. His blunt reasoning: "I'll go with the winner." Across the Delaware River, in Pennsylvania, circumstances are different. The recession was unusually severe; thousands of

steelworkers are still jobless and angry. "There's a real group of people out there who think [Reagan] is the worst thing that ever sat in that chair," says Edward Stevens, Democratic chairman in Allegheny County. "Maybe they don't blame him for it all. But he hasn't done anything to help them, to give them hope."

The Midwest. The President fares better in Detroit than Pittsburgh. "Reagan is a mystery to a lot of us," says former United Auto Workers President Douglas Fraser, "but he is nevertheless very, very effective with the American worker." In Michigan, the auto industry's renaissance seems to have cheered up the working class and increased support for Reagan. Elsewhere around the Great Lakes, Republican prospects look somewhat iftier. Ferraro may be a potent force in Cleveland and industrial north-eastern Ohio, and the state G.O.P. seems too sickly and complacent to do much about it. A party drive to register 100,000 voters has signed up 3,200. "People think Reagan has got it won," says Ohio Republican Leader Thomas Van

Meter. "That makes me nervous." Reagan will win Illinois if its downstate towns, where he grew up, overcome Chicago's Democratic vote. But this year, says Republican Governor James Thompson, "our Republican blue-collar towns are catching the brunt of the recession. So they tend to blame the incumbent." All over the Midwest, farmers are burdened by falling land prices, mammoth interest payments and declining export income. "If my farmers were traditional Democrats," says Kansas Governor John Carlin, "they'd be organizing lynch mobs." That is a fantastic if: except for the 1964 anti-Goldwater landslide, Kansas, Nebraska, the Dakotas and Indiana have not gone Democratic since 1936.

To the White House, the state-by-state electoral arithmetic is a pleasure to figure and refigure. Reagan has a plausible base of 200 electoral votes, including those of California, Texas and Florida. With the addition of New Jersey or Michigan, plus a few states of the Deep South, and one small state (Washington? Kentucky?) for good measure, he will be re-elected.

But he is not a shoo-in. He has profound weaknesses, which have been highlighted during his August holiday. The budget deficit problem looms bigger and bigger, yet Reagan seems blither about it and unready to prescribe bitter medicine. The economy is rickling along, but troublesome news could come before the election: the rates of interest and unemployment have recently risen.

The fairness issue is real. "The Reagan Administration hasn't allowed itself to be identified with populist trends," says Kevin Phillips, a Republican theorist. "It has allowed itself to be cast as the party of Learjets and mink coats." Even Americans who approve of Reagan, according to the new Yankelevich survey conducted for TIME, believe that his policies favor the rich. When voters contemplate the prospect of necessary, painful reductions in entitlement programs, will they decide that Reagan is the wisest judge of what to cut? Other Reagan positions—his advocacy of environmental laissez-faire and opposition to the Equal Rights Amendment—have made enemies. Those antagonists, says an adviser, "will pop up all over the place on Election Day." For all his good will, Reagan is a polarizing leader. When Gerald Ford was President, the Gallup poll found he was opposed by equal proportions of whites and nonwhites, rich and poor. Toward Reagan, however, the antagonism runs starkly along racial and class lines.

His inextinguishable-Russians joke last week may help the Democrats remind voters that the Administration's foreign policy has been long on tough talk and dangerously short on subtle maneuvering. Admits a G.O.P. tactician: "All we need is a quip every couple of weeks, and people will begin wondering." Says another adviser: "The main thing to worry about is a foreign crisis in which we don't respond

Rallying Round a Comma Cause

In the end, the debate was about one jot of punctuation, a comma. But the issue was a big one, namely the Republican Party's platform on the sensitive subject of tax increases. Meeting in Dallas last week, the party's platform subcommittee on economic policy began its deliberations with a staff-written version blessed by the White House. The draft declared that Republicans "oppose any attempts to increase taxes which would harm the recovery and reverse the trend to restoring control of the economy to individual Americans."

As grammarians and those used to political ooze quickly realized, that language did not oppose all tax increases, just harmful ones. Indeed, presidential advisers hoped to leave the door ajar for tax increases "as a last resort," in the President's words. Arguing in support of the limited loophole was Drew Lewis, former Secretary of Transportation and Reagan's liaison to the platform group, who insisted, colorfully if somewhat disjointedly: "I don't care if they close the door completely, but I want to be able to get a screwdriver in if the need arises."

That horrified the party's conservative firebrands, led by Congressman Jack Kemp of New York, Vin Weber of Minnesota and Newt Gingrich of Georgia. They proposed to lock the door tight by inserting a comma after the word taxes. In the conservative version, the party would "oppose any attempts to increase taxes, which would harm the recovery and reverse the trend to restoring control of the economy to individual Americans." Punctuated that way, the plank would hold all tax hikes to be harmful. If necessary, proclaimed Weber, "we'll take that comma to the floor—and I'm only half joking."

The comma was approved by the subcommittee without dissent. Determined to avoid playing into Walter Mondale's hands by emphasizing the party's punctuation problems, Lewis tried to close ranks after the vote. Said he, through a brave smile: "I like commas."





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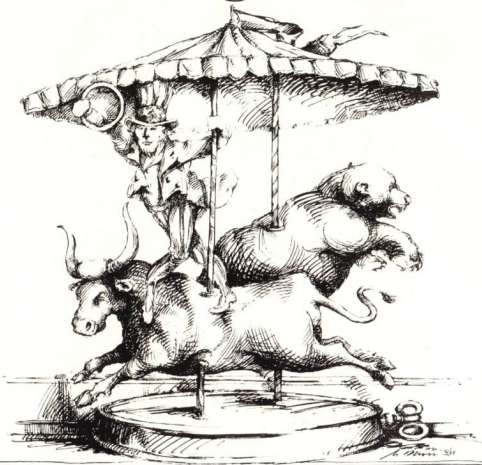
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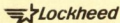
“Military power...serves the cause of peace
by holding up a shield behind which the patient,
constructive work of peace can go on.”

*President Dwight D. Eisenhower
Annual Address to the Congress - January 9, 1958*

Wise men and women have always known it. An adequate national defense is by far the most certain and least costly means of preserving peace and freedom.

The definition of an “adequate national defense” will always be in dispute. But prudent men and women agree it must include research and development of the most advanced defense systems. It also requires reasonable supplies of the equipment that would be necessary to meet any of the most likely threats to our national security. And, we must provide the consistent, dependable political support that is essential to the success of our armed forces.

Finally, we should appreciate and respect America's dedicated men and women in uniform, for they are the ones who must serve as the ultimate deterrent to any aggressor.

 **Lockheed**

The Other Running Mate

well." Although Americans often rally round a President at moments of international stress, a conspicuous foreign policy misstep abroad during the next two months could by itself cost Reagan the election.

His handlers will try to keep Reagan away from journalistic free-fire zones during the campaign, but he will inevitably have more impromptu encounters with the press—and thus more chances for signals to get crossed, to goof up. The staff is worried that the public will see Reagan as disengaged, unknowing, even a bit dotty. When he was asked a touchy question last month as he posed for pictures by a wildlife refuge, White House Spokesman Larry Speakes stepped in front of the President to prevent him from answering, and Speakes' underlings pulled the plugs on TV lights. Earlier this month, when the President seemed stumped by an arms control question, Nancy Reagan fed him an all-purpose answer. Says a top aide: "Larry won't be doing that again. Mrs. Reagan won't do that again. It makes people think the old fellow ain't up to it."

Reagan will surely debate Mondale at least once (the Democrat has requested six encounters), and the elderly President cannot afford to seem out to lunch. His advisers are confident he will perform well, that his command of the issues is greater than it was when he outshone Carter in 1980. But Mondale's thrust and parry have been sharpened by a long primary campaign. Bush will probably be drawn into a debate too. If he declines, he looks silly and defensive; yet if he accepts, he stands a good chance of losing, since Ferraro, the underdog, merely has to hold her own to win.

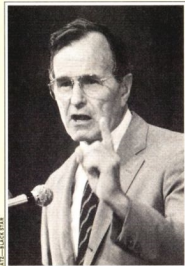
Reagan is the oldest President ever, and his age, 73, may finally prove the greatest threat to his re-election. "I do think his hearing has gotten worse," says an adviser. Reagan occasionally nods off during Cabinet meetings, and his press conference hesitations seem longer. In public he usually appears ruddy and chipper enough. But one serious health scare could make the electorate radically reconsider Reagan's fitness to be President.

For now, however, the path to a second term looks well marked and clear. The candidate strides along, jaunty as ever. "We can bumble all day and all night on the tax and deficit issue and still come out all right," says one cocky adviser. "Why? Because the economy is strong, and right now our vulnerability on foreign affairs isn't obvious. The world looks pretty calm." Among the aides, election bets concern only the size of the victory margin. "A landslide," says Richard Wirthlin, the President's pollster, "is not a high-probability event." At the White House these days, that is about as cautious as they get.

—By Kurt Andersen. Reported by Laurence I. Barrett, with Reagan, and Joseph N. Boyce/Atlanta

As he stands before the cheering delegates at the Republican National Convention, his arms held high with those of the polished performer who put him on the ticket, George Bush will appreciate that he faces a daunting task. Reagan will be running against Walter Mondale, a known political quantity if ever there was one. But after four years of studious self-effacement, Bush will have to do what no major-party candidate has ever done before: pit himself against a female opponent, a brash and buoyant counterpoint to the buttoned-down Texan from Connecticut. "I'm a candidate for an office people used to ignore," he recently told a Knights of Columbus meeting in Denver. "This year it's a little different."

Indeed it is. Some Republican strategists wonder whether Bush is up to battling an energizing female foe under full media glare. Despite his impressive résumé (former U.N. Ambassador, CIA director, two-term Congressman, envoy to China), they fret that he is not a "proven vote getter."



Suddenly, an unfamiliar spotlight

in Texas and could not continue his initial "Big Mo" in the 1980 Republican primaries. Until he found a niche as an industrious cheerleader for Reagan's views, Bush's own ideological stance was never quite clear to voters. Even after four years of unwavering fealty, the man whose most memorable phrase was correctly calling Reagan's 1980 budget-balancing promises "voodoo economics" has only partially mollified his party's right wing.

Bush is not always at ease in the spotlight. After making recent statements about future tax increases that seemed slightly out of step with the White House, he proved testy about the media badgering that followed. "He can be thin-skinned," admits a former aide. "When he goes on the attack he appears harsher than he is."

Bush could be hampered by his Establishment background (old money, Andover, Yale) and his brittle mien. His somewhat shrill voice, unmodulated even after professional coaching, could grate next to Ferraro's homey lilt. "He sounds a little too hyper, a little too screechy," the ex-aide concedes.

Bush's campaigning skills have improved notably in recent years. In the 1980 primary, he had a Jimmy Carter-like tendency to numb audiences with superfluous detail. Once he became the vice-presidential candidate, he developed a more seamless approach. "He was always hard-working and frenetic," observes a colleague. "As the campaign wore on, he came to focus better on what he wanted to say." The party line is that he will do well because he has more experience and self-confidence now.

Bush's first real test could come in a televised debate with Ferraro, a contest Republicans would just as soon avoid. Until then, Bush will remain the President's surrogate, stumping in such states as Connecticut and Texas, where he has pull, and fanning out to remote regions Reagan lacks the time to reach. The running mate traditionally takes over the low road, but slinging mud at a woman is as yet an imperfect political art. Bush so far has limited his jabs to Mondale, waiting for the novelty of Ferraro to wear off. "George by nature is not a slasher," assures a current campaign official. However, notes Bush's press secretary, Peter Teeley, "we're not running for statesman."

For all its risks, serving as the counterpart to Ferraro offers Bush a rare chance in the spotlight. The Vice President's tacit reward for eight years of loyal service could be a leg up toward the Oval Office; the opportunity he faces this fall is to prove himself as a campaigner. "He hasn't been the most visible Vice President," notes one observer. "It's the first time he has been showcased since 1980." As a diligent centurion in the Reagan legion, Bush has been careful so far to avoid establishing an independent identity. Both to counter the Ferraro factor in 1984 and to position himself for 1988, he will have to navigate deftly between being a loyal surrogate for Reagan and a political force in his own right.

Riding a Wave Of Good Feeling

A TIME poll shows Reagan well ahead at the first turn



Comforting thought for the Republicans gathered in Dallas this week: they have no great need to make their convention a gripping TV show. Unlike the Democrats who met in San Francisco

last month, the Republicans need not seize the nation's attention for their ticket and message. Their task is the much easier one of riding along with a remarkably buoyant, upbeat mood in the nation—by some measures, the most euphoric in at least a decade—and doing nothing that might erode the comfortable lead that Ronald Reagan had built before the first delegate arrived in Texas.

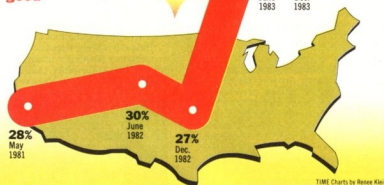
These are the findings of a nationwide poll conducted for TIME by Yankelovich, Skelly & White. Some 1,000 voters were questioned by telephone between Aug. 7 and Aug. 9, a time when the Democrats were dominating the TV screens and headlines as they launched their campaign in the glow of a successful convention. Yet 45% of the respondents would vote for the Republican ticket of President Reagan and Vice President George Bush if the election were held now, vs. only 31% for the Democratic nominees, Walter Mondale and Geraldine Ferraro.* Some 24% were undecided, a number that could be crucial. But when those undecided were questioned about which way they were leaning, and their answers factored in, the Republican ticket's lead grew to 15 points, 54% to 39%, with only 7% refusing to make a tentative choice.

Moreover, the detailed breakdowns of voter preferences sketched a picture even more favorable to Reagan. Among the more significant results:

► Mondale's historic choice of a female running mate brought less early support to the ticket than the Democrats might have hoped. Respondents enthusiastically approved the presence of a woman on a national ticket, and gave Ferraro high marks personally: 42% thought she would be a "very good" or "excellent" Vice President. Nonetheless, by a slim 43% to 39%, they believed Bush to be even better.

► Reagan's fabled gender-gap problem, which the selection of Ferraro was supposed to intensify, is less a drag on the Reagan-Bush ticket than is often assumed. The Republicans actually led among women, 41% to 32%, although the margin among men was a much greater 21 points. The most striking gap, indeed, was an age division among women rather

Percent who think that the state of the nation is good



TIME Charts by Renee Klein

than a male-female difference. Women 35 or older preferred Reagan by 42% to 29%, a 13-point lead that was close to the President's margin among all people polled. But among women younger than 35, the Mondale-Ferraro ticket managed a 38%-to-38% tie, with 24% undecided. Age made much less difference among male voters: those over 35 chose Reagan by 50% to 26%, and younger men by 48% to 32%.

► Reagan's strongest lead is in the Midwest (46% to 26%) and the South (47% to 28%). His lead is smaller in the Northeast (41% to 35%) and the West (44% to 37%). Reagan holds a 30-point advantage among those making \$30,000 or more a year, but trails by two points among those making less than \$20,000.

► On key personal qualifications, Reagan clobbered Mondale 2 to 1 or more. Who would exercise more effective leadership? Reagan, said those polled, 58% to 24%. Who would be better in times of crisis? Reagan, 57% to 22%. Who is the more dynamic and exciting candidate? Again, no contest: 52% Reagan, 26% Mondale. Indeed, Mondale has stirred so little personal enthusiasm that his support is largely an "anti" phenomenon. No less than 47% of those who would vote Democratic today say their ballots would really be cast against Reagan rather than for Mondale. By contrast, 61% of those choosing the President say they are indeed "for" Reagan.

► On policy issues, the President's performance was more mixed, but still impressive. Voters judged him better able than Mondale to

hold down inflation by 58% to 29%, and thought he would be more effective in reducing unemployment by 46% to 38%. On foreign affairs, respondents preferred Reagan 49% to 34% in dealing with the Soviet Union, but divided about equally on which candidate would be more likely to keep the U.S. out of war. However, 55% thought the U.S. should concentrate on domestic problems, vs. only 26% who gave priority to foreign policy.

None of these findings, of course, necessarily means the election is over before the campaign has fairly begun. Though all the major polls are in rough agreement on the size of Reagan's lead at the moment, they have shown huge variations this year both from month to month and from poll to poll. That is not too surprising, since at the end of the Republican Convention the race will have rounded only the first turn, and relatively few voters have yet firmly made up their minds about whom they favor. In addition to the large unde-

If the election were tomorrow, for whom would you vote?



Total	45%	31%
Men	49	28
Women	41	32
Men under 35	48	32
Men 35 and over	50	26
Women under 35	38	38
Women 35 and over	42	29

*The potential sampling error is plus or minus 3%. When these results are compared with the results of previous polls, the potential sampling error is plus or minus 4.5%.

cided percentage, roughly 40% of those who now favor either Reagan or Mondale indicated that they might change their minds before Nov. 6.

Mondale has some pluses too. On a handful of issues—poverty, civil rights, protecting the environment, preserving such benefits as Social Security and health care—poll respondents give him heavy margins over Reagan. More generally, and more important, they think he would do a better job of advancing the interests of the poor (58% to 23%) and of helping the all-important middle class (44% to 34%). Two-thirds of those polled think Reagan would do a better job for the rich, vs. only 7% who say that about Mondale; that, however, is hardly a finding the President would be inclined to trumpet.

Still, the poll clearly delineates how great are the obstacles that Mondale must surmount if he is to cut significantly into Reagan's lead. By far the biggest reason for that lead is that Americans simply feel good about the nation, the economy and their own prospects for the immediate future.

Two-thirds of all those polled believe that the nation's affairs at large for the moment are going either "fairly well" or "very well." That 67% matches a February sounding for the most optimistic reading in seven years; as recently as December 1982 the figure was only 35%. Indeed, the improvement is so great that 51% now consider the state of the nation to be generally "good." While that might seem a rather lukewarm endorsement, it ties February for the highest degree of satisfaction expressed by poll respondents in Yankelovich soundings for TIME going back to May 1974.

A prime reason for this mellow mood is clearly the growth that the nation's economy is currently enjoying. Some 63% of respondents are satisfied with Reagan's progress in holding down inflation, and 53% are pleased by reductions achieved by the President so far in unemployment.

Who would do a better job of handling each issue?

	REAGAN	MONDALE
The economy	50%	35%
Unemployment	46	38
The deficit	41	35
Taxes	48	34
Nuclear arms control	45	38

Who better demonstrates each characteristic?

Good in times of crisis	57%	22%
Shows good judgment	43	33
Is an effective leader	58	24
Dynamic, exciting candidate	52	26
Looks out for interest of poor	23	58

Americans might wish the benefits of the boom were spread more evenly; most respondents believe the rich have gained more than the poor and the middle class. Nevertheless, 37% report that their own standard of living has improved in the past year or so, vs. 23% who say it has become worse. And a clear majority of 53% expect their own economic lives to get better in the next year or two, while a mere 10% fear they will be worse off.

Not surprisingly, in view of all this, a thumping 61% of those polled give Reagan a favorable job rating on his performance as President. His support extends to some traditionally Democratic groups: Catholics right now would vote for Reagan 41% to 30%, and even in union households about as many voters choose Reagan as Mondale. In fact, among all demographic groups, only non-whites register a solid majority (60%) for the Democrats.

To be sure, there are doubts and worries that Mondale eventually might be able to exploit. Half of those polled fear the economic recovery will be "only temporary," vs. 39% who view it as lasting. Some 28% think the rate of inflation will go up again in the near future; only 15% believe it will continue to decline. One likely reason for both beliefs is deep concern about budget deficits. No less than 84% of all those polled rate the deficits as a "serious" problem; 25% judge them "more serious than anything else." Three-quarters say Americans will have to make major sacrifices to bring the red ink under control.

But the poll indicates that Mondale will find it difficult to make much political hay out of what should be his best issues. On the all-important budget question, for example, public thinking is more than a little confused. To begin with, most poll respondents think blame for the red ink must be widely shared: 84% fault "Reagan and his Administration," but almost as many point a finger at "President Carter and Democrats before this Administration," and even more, 91%, carp at Congress. Two-thirds blame "the American public," presumably including themselves. On the question of what to do about it, for all their expressed belief in the need to sacrifice, the largest number, 51%, choose the course that would entail the least pain for themselves: cutting defense spending. Strangely, however, though Reagan favors bigger military budgets than Mondale does, poll respondents split about evenly on who would do a better job of handling defense spending. On the larger question of who would be better able to lower the deficits, those polled choose Reagan by a slim but genuine lead, 41% to 35%.

Similarly, Mondale apparently has gained little or nothing out of all the TV time and newspaper space he has won by contrasting his own forthright pledge to raise taxes with what he contends is a "secret" Reagan plan to do the same thing. Only 27% of the people polled by Yankelovich approve of tax increases as a way to reduce the budget deficit. Despite—or perhaps because of—that is frequently seen as Reagan's waffling on the subject, respondents rate the President as the candidate who would do the better job on taxes by a significant 48% to 34%. Another Mondale theme is the danger of an accelerating nuclear arms race. But poll respondents think Reagan better able to control nuclear weapons by 45% to 38%.

In any case, some Americans are losing interest in the election. The number of those who express less interest in this campaign than in previous ones has climbed from 6% last September to 13% now. Growing numbers of citizens no longer expect the election to have much effect on the mood of the country, the health of the economy or the standing of the U.S. in the world. Though majorities ranging from 52% to 66% still believe that who is elected "makes a big difference" in these matters, those percentages are all down by 13 or 14 points since February. One reason may be that to a surprisingly large majority of voters, the campaign appears to be a cut-and-dried affair. However they intend to cast their own ballots, 7 out of 10 of those polled for TIME expect Reagan to win.

—By George J. Church

Who would be a better Vice President?



	FERRARO	BUSH
Total	39%	43%
Men	31	49
Women	47	37
Men under 35	34	48
Men 35 and over	29	49
Women under 35	59	33
Women 35 and over	41	39



Huddling in the Oval Office: "He knows Reagan can't sell if he doesn't believe"

Making Reagan Be Reagan

Mike Deaver is keeper of the presidential image



He is always there, distinct in the shadows of power, never very far from Ronald Reagan's side. But slender, balding Michael Deaver is a man who cares little about presidential policy and often slips out of secret White House briefings, bored. He worries far less about Soviet missiles and accusations of Administration sleaziness than he does about how those issues—and all others—threaten his boss. For Mike Deaver, at 46, has essentially one aim in life, and that is serving Ronald Reagan. For 18 years, after he stopped selling IBM supplies in Bakersfield, Calif., and got into politics, Deaver has been confidant, protector, image polisher and keeper of state and family secrets. Now he knows Ronald Reagan better than any other man alive.

In a presidency like this one, where the Chief Executive is so detached, so indifferent to detail, so psychologically unable to deal with personal conflict, Deaver fills a crucial need and thus wields enormous influence. He is Reagan's bridge to the rest of the world. Little comes out about the

well-shielded President that does not first pass through the fine mesh of the Deaver filter. A master of symbolism and hoopla, he creates and cultivates the lasting images of the Reagan era. Strictly a behind-the-scenes operator, he is totally trusted by the President and Mrs. Reagan and can say anything he wants to either one of them. His power is so great, in fact, that colleagues often wish he would pay more attention to what they feel are matters of substance. Deaver, they are certain, could force bigger results.

His clout with the President springs from an uncanny ability to understand his man. His experience and intuition tell him with remarkable accuracy how Reagan will behave in any situation. When, at meetings, he spots Reagan's attention slumping or his impatience mounting, he quickly signals with a shake of his head for participants to quicken the discussion or drop it. Sometimes in a crisis he will rush the President a prepared statement only to discover that Reagan has already scribbled out sentences in almost the same words. At the root of the Deaver genius is the fact that he always

pushes the President to stay his own best self. Says one close watcher: "He knows Reagan can't sell if he doesn't believe." And Deaver instinctively knows when Reagan reaches too far. In 1980 Reagan considered taking Gerald Ford on the ticket as Vice President. Deaver hated the idea because he thought it was entirely out of character. "It won't be your presidency," he objected. Reagan decided he really felt the same way.

By all accounts the President is by nature a passive man who needs to be set in motion by others. Deaver knows how and when to stir him, how to construct an agenda that Reagan then cheerfully pursues. Like no one except Nancy Reagan, he knows the President's inner feelings. He reads the President's diaries, which Reagan dictates into a tape recorder. Deaver's office, at the insistence of the President, adjoins the Oval Office. He is privy to the problems Reagan has with his children. At the end of a hard day last year, the President received a dressing down on the telephone from one of the children. Reagan put the phone down and said softly, "I didn't need to hear that right now." Deaver winced for his friend.

Reagan, a man who holds back virtually all his private feelings, needs the kind of emotional outlet Deaver provides. Says an old friend: "Reagan never unloads his problems on anybody. He just doesn't know how to open up." But with Deaver, outwardly calm and soft-spoken, the President allows himself to show real anger.

As he watches Reagan prepare for his national press conferences, Deaver can tell within minutes how well the President will do that night. Deaver always slips the President a handwritten message just before Reagan steps out the door to confront reporters. Sometimes the message teases him, sometimes it stresses a serious theme, always it seeks to break the tension for the performer. Deaver recently changed the format of the conferences, arranging for Reagan to stride down a long red carpet to the waiting reporters. Reagan seemed uncomfortable with the De Gaulle-like staging, but Deaver, over the calculating imagemaker, persuaded him it looked more presidential.

Deaver's stamp of approval is an ever-presidential day. He controls Reagan's schedules, decides who comes in to see him. He puts together details of foreign trips, such as those to China and Ireland. Reagan, chafing playfully at the way Deaver manages his life, recently told a Senate group about a young boy in Europe who rushed forward and surprised him with an American flag. "That was one thing Mike Deaver didn't set up," Reagan said grinning. The President might have been less relaxed over Deaver's ill-considered comment in an interview last week about Reagan's having good reasons to nod off at Cabinet meetings.

Deaver's fussy imagemaking shows up everywhere. It was he, against strong

opposition, who pushed for Katherine Davalos Ortega as the keynote speaker at this week's Dallas convention. He brushed aside suggestions that she was boring, seeing her instead as an answer to Geraldine Ferraro. Reagan sided with him. He balked at the showcasing of 1988 presidential hopefuls such as Howard Baker and Jack Kemp, and their roles were cut back. He initiated the convention films on the Reagans, including one on the First Lady. For that one, Deaver persuaded Reagan to be the narrator.

As close as Deaver's ties are to the President, they are even tighter with Nancy Reagan. The two are constantly on the phone, going over events of the day, measuring future dangers, sizing up the performance of Administration players, even the President himself. Reagan sometimes needles Deaver about the amount of time the two spend talking, referring to Nancy as "your phone pal." There is little action and intrigue around the White House that the pair does not know about. Says one longtime friend: "They're so alike in many ways, both suspicious by nature and judgmental." Sometimes they are appalled at how trusting Reagan can be of other people's motives.

The First Lady, zealous about her husband's fortunes, is an intimidating figure to many Administration insiders. But not to Deaver, who uses his partnership with her to push projects with the President. She places unlimited trust in Deaver and is candid about what is on her mind. He in turn works to protect her interests as much as he does the President's. Says one associate who knows both of them personally: "Nancy doesn't tell the President everything. But she's not afraid to tell Mike anything. They're like crossed fingers." Together they stand ready to fight and bleed for their man, the President. "If those two turn against you," says a close colleague, "you're dead around here."

Deaver's apparent blandness and dry manner make him an inconspicuous figure. But he is demanding, a worrier, and associates watch his moods carefully. He tends to play favorites. "He falls in and out of love with people," says one friend. Deaver professes surprise that no one challenges his judgments at the big scheduling meetings he conducts. But no one wants to cross him. A graduate of San Jose State, he is envious of the Ivy League polish of types like Chief of Staff James Baker, whose skills he admires enormously. He is captivated by the trappings of power, the limousines and helicopters. Like his boss, he does not put in a crushing day. He takes time for regular exercise and has a cultivated taste for fine food and wines. A couple of years ago, he collaborated on a book about diet and exercise, then put off publication after he was criticized for exploiting his White House connection. Not a reflective man, Deaver has an easy, self-deflating humor that invariably relaxes Reagan.

His views help determine how power is distributed across the Administration. It was Deaver, reinforced by Nancy Rea-

gan, who installed Baker as Chief of Staff. Later it was Deaver again, this time with Mrs. Reagan's delayed support, who worked on Reagan to get rid of Secretary of State Alexander Haig. It was also Deaver who had pushed for William Clark as National Security Adviser and then, realizing he had made a mistake, turned on him, once more with Nancy Reagan's approval. Today Clark will not speak to Deaver and acknowledges his greeting only when Reagan is present.

East trip, Deaver had two discussions alone with Prime Minister Yasuhiro Nakasone. As they talked, Nakasone pulled out a photograph of his house in the mountains. Did Deaver think, the Prime Minister asked hesitantly, that the Reagans would visit him there? Deaver accepted immediately, adding gracefully that Nakasone's wife sounded very much like Nancy Reagan worrying about the Queen of England visiting the Reagan ranch. Then Nakasone turned more seri-



Returning from Camp David with Mrs. Reagan: "If those two turn against you, you're dead"

Two Cabinet officers Deaver has the good sense to tread lightly with are Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger and CIA Director William Casey. Both have their own ties to Reagan. When Deaver once tried to talk Weinberger into going along with the President on budget cuts, the canny Defense chief knew just how to handle the pressure. He puts the President tell me himself, Weinberger countered, sure that Reagan would avoid any blunt confrontation. Deaver dropped it.

Deaver's role often puts him over his head on matters of great substance. Nonetheless he somehow forces decisions to be made. When the Israeli bombing of Beirut dragged on ruinously in 1982, Deaver got Reagan alone. The attacks had become repugnant, he told the President with some passion. Children's limbs were being blown off, and Reagan was the only man on earth who could stop it. The President listened intently, telling Deaver that he too had been agonizing about it. Then Reagan summoned Secretary of State George Shultz and put in a call to Israeli Prime Minister Menachem Begin. While Shultz and Deaver listened approvingly, Reagan demanded that the bombing be discontinued. Within 20 minutes Begin returned the call to say it had stopped.

Sometimes Deaver's influence turns up in unexpected ways. When he traveled to Japan in 1983 to lay out Reagan's Far

ous. He wanted Deaver to tell the President something important: He could not say it publicly now, but after the Japanese election, Nakasone would be ready to tackle head-on certain trade agreements with the U.S. Deaver brought the message back to Reagan.

This sort of personal message carrying is one of Deaver's key roles, and Reagan's less ideological counselors use him in this way constantly. If the President's mind is set, say White House moderates, and Mike Deaver is not with them against the hard-liners, nothing will turn Reagan away from old and comfortably held views. With Deaver on their side, they at least have a chance.

Yet for all his personal influence, Deaver chooses to behave more like a steward of the presidential image than a shaper of public policy. He is the master of the household, the Lord High Chamberlain of the White House.

Any hardness he may have acquired in his many years as a watchdog vanishes when the old trouper gives a vintage performance. Sometimes Deaver, standing in the back of an auditorium, listening one more time to the President using, say, a heroic Scottish ballad to make his pitch, finds his eyes growing moist with a familiar emotion. It is love, of course, a kind of deep filial devotion, and he is filled with it for Ronald Reagan. —By Robert Ajemian

Leadership from the Heart

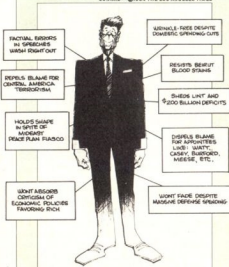
Ronald Reagan defies tidy summary. He cannot be measured by bills passed, treaties signed and doctrines proclaimed. Facts Reagan ain't.

He is a refrain from *Stars and Stripes Forever*. He is a whiff of a kinder age out of the attic. He is reassurance, a pat on the back, a little belief in every person's dream. He is a do-it-yourselfer in an era of easy cop-outs, a simple loyalist among the sophists, a gauzy visionary stumbling through computer print-outs. He is comfort that things are not as bad as the experts say they are. Ronald Reagan is a mood that has seeped through the land like the beguiling scent of honeysuckle on a soft Georgia night. Millions have been soothed and seduced.

The political cognoscenti and academicians have been holding leadership seminars of late all over the country, and they thump their annotated treatises and bellow about "staff unity" and "purposeful agendas" and "policy initiatives," and there is nothing that emerges from these deep encounters that looks, sounds or dresses like Ronald Reagan. Maybe it's time to rewrite the book of leadership.

The highest compliment comes from Walter Mondale. He goes around the nation saying, though not in so many words, that the broad themes of Reagan's

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The man in the Teflon-coated suit

presidency (less Government at home, more strength abroad) are correct but that Reagan has executed them badly and often unfairly. Mondale is absolutely right. Reagan's kooky budget formula prolonged and deepened the recession and produced huge deficits. Reagan has had an unusual number of nincompoops working for his Administration. His insensitivities to the poor are monumental. His opposition to abortion and support for school prayer smack of zealotry. He still cannot comprehend the feminists. His beloved military wastes money hand over fist. But these are secondary issues. Those qualities of the spirit that Reagan so relentlessly thunders from the White House are what free and self-governing societies run on. It may yet be written in the history books that the genius of the Reagan years was to slow up the Federal Government, shrink the mission-

ary ardor of the presidency and pep-talk America into doing a lot more for itself. The U.S. Government spends \$2.3 billion a day and has so many departments, agencies and committees that a few years ago the experts quit counting after listing more than a thousand. Reagan has little notion how it all works but a lot of feeling that it is too big and too expensive and tries to do too much for too many people. Reagan believes a little neglect may be good for you.

The wise and witty Barber Conable, Congressman from New York who in a few months ends a 20-year legislative career, espoused a form of Reaganism before Ronald Reagan arrived in Washington. "Government is not the system," says Conable. "The involved citizens of America do their own thing, bring about change, and then drag Government kicking and screaming into recognizing that change has occurred. Those who want a Government that solves everybody's problems efficiently should turn to some other system. Liberal thinkers yearn for philosopher-kings with the power and will to do for the people what the people are not yet ready for. It's safer to let the people decide first, even though it's not very inspiring to have a laggard Government. The founding fathers didn't want efficient, adventurous governments, fearing they would intrude on our individual liberties. I think they were right."

So does Reagan. But if you asked him to talk about it at a Harvard seminar he would have a terrible time. He would get his facts mixed up and tell a few stories that were wrong and lapse into some anecdotes from his movie days. There would not be much to quote, and there might be a lot to ridicule. But there would be no mistaking how he felt. That is Reagan's power.

Money Flow

A study of wealth and poverty

The rich get richer and the poor get poorer. That unpleasant maxim seems to sum up the message of *The Reagan Record*, a 400-page study released last week by the Urban Institute, a respected nonpartisan think tank in Washington. According to the report, the President's policies have resulted in a \$25 billion income transfer to the wealthiest one-fifth of the nation from those less well off.

Since 1980 the disposable income of the poorest one-fifth of all American families declined by 7.6% after inflation, to \$6,391. The income of the wealthiest one-fifth rose by 8.7%, to \$40,880. Middle-class families are slightly better off than four years ago with their income rising by 0.9%, to \$19,034. A large factor was Reagan's personal income tax cuts, which raised after-tax income for the wealthy by 6% but did not help the poor at all.

The institute's report, which came after three years of study, supplements similar findings by the Congressional Budget Office and other groups. Its careful analysis won praise from not only liberal Democrats but also such Republican leaders as Senators Howard Baker and Robert Dole. Yet it is sure to provide fodder for Democrats planning to use the fairness issue against Republicans in the fall. "You can be sure that if it checks out, we will put a copy of it in the mail to each of our candidates," says an aide to Congressman Tony Coelho of California, chairman of the Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee.

Written by Economists Isabel Sawhill and John Palmer,* the report is not entirely critical of the Reagan policies. It says that the social safety net for the non-working poor is still largely intact. From its success in reaching goals such as cutting taxes and lowering interest rates, the report adds, "the Reagan Administration may be judged as one of the most effective presidencies in recent history." But the report critically notes that the Administration has attempted "to turn back the social policy clock, in some extreme cases ... to a pre-New Deal time."

For the Administration, the most troubling aspect of the report could be its economic forecast: "The prospects for achieving the goal of higher long-term economic growth are clouded by deficits." Tax increases and spending cuts will be needed to fight the deficits. "Standards of living for most people will rise less in the 1980s than they did in the 1970s and far less than they did in the 1960s," says the report. "Only the most affluent families are likely to realize major income gains."

*Among those on the advisory board for the study: Peter Peterson, former chairman of Lehman Brothers; Kuhn Loeb; Herbert Stein, former chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers under President Nixon; Economist Robert Solow of M.I.T.; Eleanor Holmes Norton, former chairman of the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission during the Carter Administration.

The Stingers Get Stung

A jury acquits De Lorean, criticizing his prosecutors instead

The plot was as convoluted as any on *Dynasty*. The tanned, silver-haired protagonist might have just walked off the set of *Dallas*. But the moment of melodrama at the federal courthouse in Los Angeles last week would have strained credulity on any prime-time soap opera. Twenty-two months after he was arrested, and five months after his sensationally publicized trial began, renegade Auto Manufacturer John Zachary De Lorean, 59, his hands clasped in front of him as he leaned back in a beige swivel chair, heard a jury of six men and six women declare him not guilty of conspiring to possess and distribute cocaine. "Praise the Lord," proclaimed the born-again defendant.

Cristina Ferrare, De Lorean's fashion-model wife, who seemed to wear a different designer outfit on each of the trial's 62 days, ran to the phone to call 13-year-old Zachary De Lorean. "We won, we won," she sobbed. "Honey, it's all right, it's all fine. I'm crying because I'm happy." The jury had taken 29 hours over seven days, reading transcripts, talking and finally crying, to reach its verdict. They were split on whether De Lorean engaged in a criminal conspiracy, jurors later said, but unanimous in deciding that even if he had, he had been improperly entrapped by the Government's elaborate sting operation. They made their decision on the first ballots.

"I am shocked and surprised," said Federal Prosecutor Robert Perry. Certainly the Government had seemed to have a firm case going into the trial. De Lorean had been arrested in a hotel near the Los Angeles airport only minutes after gleefully poking a suitcase full of cocaine and proposing a toast to the success of the deal. "It's better than gold," he had gloated in a scene taped by Government agents that was replayed repeatedly in court and on nationwide television. It seemed to support the Government's contention that De Lorean was a willing participant in the drug deal, which involved 220 lbs. of cocaine worth \$24 million. Prosecutors had described him as a jet-setting profligate with "the conscience of a tomcat" who "shook hands with the devil."

De Lorean's shrewd and crafty defense attorneys, Howard Weitzman and Donald Ré, maintained a similar high pitch of righteous indignation throughout the trial. They portrayed their client as an embattled entrepreneur seeking to fulfill the American dream, a man himself the victim of a giant conspiracy: "Lured, led to and pushed" into a trap set by Govern-

ment agents who were "on a headlong rush to glory." The tactic was to put the Government on trial, and it worked. De Lorean never took the stand. Nor did his lawyers ever make a direct defense on the grounds of entrapment, which might have required an admission that De Lorean had committed a crime.

The tapes were compelling yet also confusing, full of implications but apparently not convincing to a jury skeptical about what went before and after each of the scenes. In one videotape, FBI Agent Benedict Tisa, masquerading as a banker, discussed laundering drug mon-



John De Lorean and his wife Cristina Ferrare after acquittal

"Hopefully, we can get the laws changed," he said.

ment agents who were "on a headlong rush to glory." The tactic was to put the Government on trial, and it worked. De Lorean never took the stand. Nor did his lawyers ever make a direct defense on the grounds of entrapment, which might have required an admission that De Lorean had committed a crime.

Furthermore, the prosecution failed to maintain the credibility of its undercover operatives and informants. Tisa admitted he had destroyed some of the notes from his investigation and had ac-

cepted and passed to his superiors false information from Hoffman that De Lorean had a prior history of drug involvements. The prosecution conceded that Hoffman was a paid informer and an admitted perjurer. His claim that he had been approached by De Lorean was undercut by testimony that he had boasted to the Feds as early as 1982. "I'm going to get John De Lorean for you guys... The problems he's got, I can get him to do anything I want."

The prosecution tried to persuade the jury to overlook the witnesses' apparent character defects. Argued Attorney Perry: "For a plot hatched in hell, don't expect angels for witnesses." But the argument seemed to backfire. The jurors said afterward that they found themselves as disturbed by the Government's conduct as they were by De Lorean's. "Entrapment was a critical issue that had a lot of impact on us," Evelyn Dowell, a homemaker, told TIME. "I thought De Lorean's actions could be questioned, but I think the Government acted in a questionable manner. Neither side behaved appropriately."

U.S. District Court Judge Robert Takasugi had carefully spelled out the law on this point to the jury. Said he in his instructions: "If you find John De Lorean committed the acts charged, but did so as a result of entrapment, you must find him not guilty." Entrapment results if the idea for the crime comes from Government agents or informants, if the defendant is induced to participate, and if the defendant was not predisposed to commit the crime. According to Clarence Berman, 56, a retired environmental health inspector for Los Angeles County, some of his fellow jurors thought De Lorean was innocent of the charges, but they all believed that he had been entrapped and was, therefore, not guilty.

"This was an attempt to send a message that this type of conduct in investigations and arrests will not be tolerated," Defense Attorney Weitzman declared of the decision. The jurors confirmed that for some of them at least, this was the case. "The whole thing makes me angry," said Juror Jo Ann Kerns, a department-store assistant manager. "What they did to De Lorean could happen to anyone. That's the message. People should understand that." Foreman William Lahr, an insurance claims adjuster, reported that the jury hoped the verdict "would indicate to the Government that they should re-evaluate their investigative techniques."

Attorney General William French Smith declared that the verdict would not deter the Government from conducting undercover operations in the future. Since 1977 the FBI budget for such investigative techniques has climbed

Nation

from \$1 million to \$12 million. While Assistant FBI Director William Baker conceded that the agency's procedures for conducting a sting operation might need some "tuning up," he claimed that the verdict will not set a precedent. But Democratic Congressman Don Edwards of California announced that he will push for legislation for tighter control of such operations in the future; he proposes that in some types of undercover stings the Government should be required to get a judge's authorization, as is now the case for wiretaps. "The Government sending secret agents in to commit crimes is a kind of dirty business," said Edwards.

"Hopefully we can get the laws changed so that this type of conduct never happens again," said De Lorean after the verdict was announced. "Hopefully this terror and horror that me and my family have been through for the last two

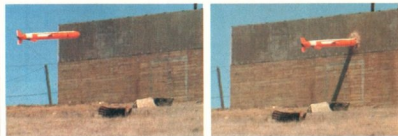
years won't be wasted." In 1975, 2½ years after leaving as executive in charge of all North American car and truck manufacturing at General Motors, he set up his own dream-car company. It is now in receivership, though its gull-winged, stainless-steel sports cars are suddenly selling rapidly as collectors' items. He hopes to go back into the automobile business, said De Lorean last week. "The only thing I know how to do."

Yet the De Lorean saga is far from concluded. His legal expenses are reported to be close to \$1 million, he faces suits from creditors seeking \$25 million or more, and his once far-flung estates are tied up in legal wrangles. The British government, which put \$156 million into financing his now bankrupt automobile factory in Northern Ireland, is demanding an accounting of \$17.65 million that investigators say was apparently funneled

into private bank accounts. And in Detroit, John De Lorean's home town, he is still the subject of a federal grand jury investigation paralleling the British probe into an apparent transfer of millions of dollars from the De Lorean Motor Co. or subsidiaries into a paper trail of foreign and domestic personal bank accounts. Indictments may be handed down this fall.

"Would you buy a used car from me?" asked De Lorean wryly after his acquittal. Almost certainly many people would. He is a master of the role of charming rascal. Even the jury, held hostage for five months to his trial, agreed after its emotional deliberations to a highly unusual request from the defense attorneys for a private meeting with the man they had just found not guilty. De Lorean, his wife and lawyers spent half an hour thanking the jurors, many of them well-paid professionals, for their verdict.

—By Jane O'Reilly. Reported by Richard Woodbury/Los Angeles



Bull's-Eye

The Tomahawk strikes

Guiding itself as if by magic, the sleek orange and white missile rose from the sea and homed in on a concrete bunker on San Clemente Island, a goat-infested expanse of sand and brush about 75 miles off the coast of Los Angeles. In its first live test against a land target, the Navy's sea-launched cruise missile, known as the Tomahawk, scored a bull's-eye. The building erupted in a blazing fireball that sprayed concrete fragments hundreds of feet into the air and sent tremors reverberating through arms-control circles.

Launched from a submarine in the Pacific Ocean, the Tomahawk took just an hour to fly the more than 400 miles to its goal on San Clemente. It was guided by its own internal computer, which was programmed with a detailed map of the route to the target area. The map included the shape of various landmasses and buildings along the way. At selected points once the Tomahawk reached land, the radar system in its nose compared the actual terrain with the internal map; then the computer would periodically correct the missile's course. This constant readjustment enabled it to zero in precisely on target.

The Tomahawk used in the San Clemente test was armed with a conventional explosive, but the missiles can be tipped with nuclear warheads. That presents a worrisome obstacle to arms control: cruise missiles, particularly those based at sea, are difficult to count, and there is no way to verify whether they carry nuclear warheads. But their deadly accuracy, as shown in the photos released last week, makes them potentially a very destabilizing weapon. The Navy plans to procure 4,000 sea-based cruise missiles. Last month it confirmed that it had begun installing nuclear warheads on some of them.

American Notes

AIR TRAVEL

Prodding the Reluctant Airlines



Jets awaiting takeoff at La Guardia

Because flight delays are up 73% this year, air carriers have said they would be willing to discuss spreading out their flight schedules, which overload airports at peak periods. But no carrier wants to be first to shift flights to unpopular times. So preparations for industry-wide talks on scheduling, which require a Government exemption from antitrust prosecution, have proceeded about as slowly as a search for lost baggage.

To spur faster action, the Federal Aviation Administration said last week it was preparing to dictate takeoff and landing schedules on a minute-by-minute basis at the airports that account for 76% of the delays—New York City's Kennedy and La Guardia, Atlanta, Chicago, Denver and Newark. In Denver, for example, there are 58 scheduled landings between 11 a.m. and 11:30 a.m., although the airport's maximum is 30. The Government threat infuriated some carriers, which place much of the blame on shortages of fully qualified air-traffic controllers. One FAA official likened the airlines to a stubborn beast of burden. Said he: "Sometimes there's only one way to get a mule's attention."

UNITED NATIONS

Money Delayed Is Money Denied

Like partners approaching a divorce, the Reagan Administration and the director-general of the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization last week raised a squabble over money. At issue: the return of more than \$17 million contributed by the U.S. to a special fund set up to serve as a financial cushion in case currency fluctuations caused UNESCO to lose money. The funds were not needed, so, like other member nations, the U.S. expected a full return of its cash—with interest.

Not so fast, said UNESCO Director-General Amadou Mahtar M'Bow of Senegal. Reason: the U.S. has announced that it will pull out of UNESCO after 1984 unless the agency renounces its anti-Western bias, including support for a "new world information order" that could muzzle journalists. A U.S. pullout would deprive UNESCO of about \$43 million annually, roughly 25% of its budget. Aides to M'Bow told other members that UNESCO might not pay back the currency-cushion funds until 1985—and then only to nations that are paid-up UNESCO members. Snapped one member of the U.S. delegation: "It looks to us as if he's trying to rewrite the rules late in the game." But before tempers could flare further, the prospect of an amicable settlement was offered by UNESCO Liaison Officer Doudou Diene, who pledged that "ways and means will be found to give back the money to the U.S."

NEW YORK

Rain, Rain, Go Away

Proposals to control acid rain, by restricting sulfur dioxide and other industrial emissions, have been deadlocked in Congress for years. Despite reams of study on its polluting effects, President Reagan opposes new federal regulations, saying that more study is needed. In the Ohio River Valley, where much of the pollution originates before prevailing winds carry it eastward, industry views controls as prohibitively expensive. The high-sulfur coal-mining companies there are worried that restrictions will prompt a switch to low-sulfur coals produced in

Western states. As legislators and environmentalists haggle over programs, acid rain continues to contaminate lakes and forests.

New York, whose glorious Adirondack lakes are thought to be among the prime victims of acid rain, last week became the first state to pass a law to reduce acid rain. Governor Mario Cuomo signed a bill ordering industries that burn coal in the state to cut sulfur dioxide emissions 30% by 1991. The Business Council of New York State opposed the law, claiming it would raise rate payers' electric bills while not solving the acid-rain problem. The dilemma is that the pollution knows no boundaries. Indeed, environmentalists say that New York produces less than a third of its own acid rain. Cuomo and his legislature hope their move will inspire other states and the Federal Government to adopt similar laws.

THE MILITARY

Downgrading a Whistle Blower

The Pentagon has long been tough on employees who publicly challenge its way of doing business. While working in the Pentagon's Program Analysis and Evaluation (P & E) office, Franklin ("Chuck") Spinney (TIME, March 7, 1983) earned the ire of his superiors with reports on how the military routinely underestimates the costs and overrates the effectiveness of high-technology weaponry.

Spinney has been given a mediocre rating ("fully successful," Pentagonese for so-so) on his civil service evaluation, which could sink his chances for a promotion or a pay raise. His supporters charge that David Chu, a Reagan appointee and head of P & E, pressured Spinney's immediate superiors into underrating the dogged whistle blower. When Republican Congressman Jack Edwards of Alabama called Deputy Secretary of Defense William Taft IV to complain, Taft denied that Chu or any other political appointee had tried to influence the evaluation. Such action would have violated civil service rules. Spinney maintains that he will go to court, if necessary, to fight the evaluation. At week's end there were signs that the Pentagon might review its finding.



Analyst Spinney

ORGANIZATIONS

One Small Step for Womankind

With a membership of 270,000 men between the ages of 18 and 36, the Jaycees (formerly the Junior Chamber of Commerce) has often been called one of the nation's largest men's clubs. But no longer. Last week the civic organization voted to change its bylaws and offer full membership to women. The move came in response to a U.S. Supreme Court ruling in July, which held that the large and nonselective group was equivalent to a public accommodation. Thus, the court said, the Jaycees are subject to antidiscrimination laws.

The Jaycees did not abolish their women's chapters, which have 59,700 members. Indeed, some of the women want to hold on to their separate status. Said Suzanne Stephens, president of Oklahoma Jaycee Women: "It would be more progressive to keep two organizations because we are giving men the opportunity to do their thing and women to do their thing." Elsewhere, members of both sexes welcomed the vote. In fact, some Jaycees chapters have admitted women for several years. But they have had to hide this fact from the national organization by listing initials rather than first names on their membership rolls.



Not for men only

CANADA

A Duel of Images

With his campaign gaffes, a new Prime Minister puts his job in jeopardy

Standing hunched over a plastic lectern at the right side of the stage in Toronto's Royal York Hotel was Canada's silver-haired new Prime Minister, John Turner, 55. Across from him was Brian Mulroney, 45, a jut-jawed businessman from Quebec who heads the opposition Conservative Party. In the final of three televised debates last week, the leaders of Canada's two largest political groups were sharing the spotlight with the New Democratic Party's Edward Broadbent, who has placed a distant third in the polls. With little to lose, Broadbent was the most relaxed of the contenders. But for the two photogenic front runners, it was the start of a sprint to the finish for the national elections that will be held on Sept. 4.

Turner began the parliamentary race three weeks ago with a seven-point lead over Mulroney. But the Conservative pushed ahead as Turner fumbled his way through a series of gaffes. As of late last week polls showed Mulroney with a comfortable edge of 14 points.

Thus the Prime Minister was eager to use the vital third debate to recover lost ground for his Liberal Party, and he pressed Mulroney hard on the issue of women's rights. With his head slightly lowered and his steely blue eyes fixed on his opponent, Turner declared, "Mr. Mulroney sat in the House of Commons for ten months, and he asked only 39 questions. Not one of those questions dealt with women's issues." Finally, after a lackluster showing in the earlier debates, Turner was proving that he could be a tough adversary.

Canadians are likely to see a good deal of heated sparring in the campaign's final days. For the first time in nearly 16 years, Pierre Elliott Trudeau, the urbane and often acerbic former Prime Minister, is not at center stage. Although his policies and personality had commanded world attention for a country so often hidden in the shadow of its powerful neighbor to the south, Trudeau has scarcely been heard from since announcing last March that he would not seek a fifth term. Says Dou-

glas McNaughton, chairman of Ottawa's Public Affairs Institute: "We are at the end of the Trudeau era. The public is in the mood for a change."

No matter who wins the election, Canada is certain to make a move toward the center. On the campaign trail, Turner has, at times, sounded more like Mulroney than like Trudeau. The new Prime Minister has called for greater flexibility in guidelines that control foreign investment in Canada and talked of easing federal government controls over energy prices. Mulroney, on the other hand, has promised not to make drastic cuts in Canada's generous social-welfare system and has said that he agrees with the Liberals on the need to develop job-training programs for young people, who have been hardest hit by the shrunken job market. In a notable break with Trudeau, both Turner and Mulroney have avoided gratuitous complaints about U.S. dominance of the Canadian economy.

Neither of the two front runners has held public office during most of the past decade. Turner, once a rising star of the Liberals, resigned abruptly as Finance Minister in 1975 in a dispute with Trudeau. In the intervening years he built a lucrative career as a corporate lawyer on Toronto's Bay Street, the Wall Street of Canada, which he left in June to become the ruling Liberal Party's standard bearer (and thus, automatically, Prime Minister). Mulroney was president of the Iron Ore Co. of Canada and had never run for political office until he was named leader of the Progressive Conservative Party in June 1983 and ten weeks later picked up a parliamentary seat in a Nova Scotia by-election. This political inexperience actually proved an asset in the campaign. Mulroney sounded his dominant, if repetitive, theme when he called for a "new beginning," "new leadership," a "new philosophy of government" and a "new spirit."

Issues that preoccupied Canadians in the '70s like economic nationalism and regional separatism have largely given way to the economic anxieties of the '80s. Canada is suffering the aftereffects of a 21-month recession, the worst since World War II. After dropping 6% in 1981-82, real G.N.P. finally climbed by 3.3% last year, but the unemployment rate has stubbornly remained above 11%. The Canadian dollar was worth a mere 76 U.S. cents last week.

Whether Canadians choose Turner or



Loosening up to catch up: the Prime Minister and his wife campaign in Trois-Rivières, Que.

Mulroney may ultimately depend more on image than substance, and Mulroney has gained a decided edge in this contest. Indeed, Turner's campaign got off to such a shaky start that many Canadians wonder if he did not lose his political touch during almost nine years as the Liberals' "prince in exile."

In his first public appearances, the new Prime Minister seemed tongue-tied and ill at ease. During one campaign rally he tried to encourage a beauty queen, Miss Prince Edward Island, to vote Liberal by saying that he wanted her to "go all the way." Women were particularly upset when television cameras caught Turner patting the backside of Liberal Party President Iona Campagnolo. The candidate was subjected to more razzing after a waiter in Trois-Rivières, Que., accidentally spilled coffee in his lap. Turner was forced to retreat to the men's room while his wife Geills washed out his pants.

Trudeau did little to help Turner's chances when he pressured his successor to promote 17 Liberal stalwarts in the House of Commons to sinecures in the Senate, the largely symbolic upper house of the Canadian Parliament, or to cozy judicial and diplomatic posts. Turner said that he "had no option" in making the appointments, and he would have risked losing a parliamentary vote of confidence by blocking them. But Mulroney used the incident to advantage in the second televised debate. "You had an option, sir," said a finger-wagging Mulroney to a nonplussed Turner. "You could have said, 'I am not going to do it. This is wrong for Canada.'"

In contrast to Turner's earnestly wooden style, Mulroney appears poised and confident. The Conservative leader kicked off his campaign to exchange his parliamentary seat in Nova Scotia for a new one in the Manicouagan riding of Quebec by visiting his home town of Baie Comeau on the St. Lawrence River. As a pack of reporters tagged along, Mulroney enthusiastically greeted boyhood friends and even visited a nursing home to say hello to a woman who once looked after him as a child. "I've met half my home town," he quipped. "They'll vote twice, so that's everyone." Mulroney's easy manner and sonorous voice are so well suited to television campaigning, however, that he may suffer from what one Canadian commentator calls the "glib factor," a perception that he is too smooth and too vague on the issues.

Turner and Mulroney have mapped out complementary strategies to bridge the great East-West divide in Canadian politics. Turner launched his campaign in Vancouver, B.C., vowing to "lead Liberalism back to Western Canada"—a reference to the fact that in the 1980 general election the Liberals won only two seats west of Ontario. And it was because the Conservatives represent only one out of the 75 parliamentary constituencies in Quebec that Mulroney chose to run from

his home town in that province. After the regional antagonism of the Trudeau years, with French-speaking Quebec at odds with the English-speaking sections of the country, Canadians have for the most part welcomed this attempt at national political unity. Indeed, it is now taken for granted that candidates of both major parties need to speak English and French fluently. Turner and Mulroney conducted their television debates in both languages.

Given the often prickly state of U.S.-Canadian relations during the past decade, the Reagan Administration has been careful to appear evenhanded about the race. Mulroney may be somewhat closer to Reagan on defense and economic issues, but Turner has good friends in Washington, most notably U.S. Secretary of State George Shultz, who was president of Bechtel Corp. when Turner was a director of Bechtel Canada Ltd. After Reagan's highly publicized squabbles with Trudeau, the prevailing feeling in the Administration seems to be that "whoever wins, we win." U.S. officials contend that despite disputes over trade barriers, U.S. investment in Canada and environmental issues such as acid rain, relations between the two neighbors have taken a turn for the better. But the American economic upsurge has only just started to spill across the border into Canada. Economists in Ottawa fear that as Canadian interest rates climb ever higher to keep



New Democrat Broadbent

pace with American lending rates, the fragile Canadian recovery of the past 15 months could be choked off.

From the way Canada's public opinion polls have seasawed for more than a year, it is apparent that voters are quite unsettled about the party, and leader, they support. When Mulroney was chosen to head the Conservative Party it enjoyed a comfortable lead of 55% to 27%

over the Liberals in the polls. By the time the Liberals held their convention last June, the polls put the Liberals out in front of the Conservatives by 48% to 39%. The latest Gallup survey shows the Conservatives back in the lead with 46% to 32%. New Democrat Broadbent, who could serve as a powerbroker should either of the two major parties fail to win a decisive majority, did particularly well in the poll, improving his standing by seven points, to 18%.

In an attempt to revive his campaign, Turner has dismissed his manager and hired Keith Davey, who engineered Trudeau's last two re-election victories. Shedding blazer, tie and buttoned-down image, the Prime Minister was photographed dancing with his wife to the rock sound of Doug and the Slugs at a Vancouver youth rally last week. But it was too soon to tell whether the new image would be enough to help Turner catch Mulroney. —By John Kohan.

Reported by Marcia Gauger/Toronto



Moving out in front: Tory Leader Mulroney greets a home-town crowd in Baie Comeau, Que.

Reverberations in America's Attic

From the heady Trudeau years to a new vision of Canada Inc.

Canadian Writer Mordecai Richler (The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz) is known for witty portraits of his native land, most recently in his book *Home Sweet Home*. Here he takes a typically affectionate look at his country's elections.

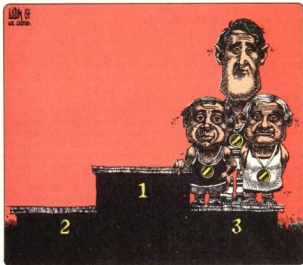
I adore it in Canada.

Here we are hunkered down mindlessly in the snow, smack in the middle of the shortest possible overland missile, or, if you like, infantry route between those legendary, loving pals the U.S. and the Soviet Union. The 20th century, promised to us by Prime Minister Sir Wilfrid Laurier in 1904, is almost over, and Canada, so far as pennant-contending nations go, is still flumming through spring training. Unemployment is running at 11%. Our dollar is teetering at 76¢ (U.S.). But what had surfaced as one of the most contentious election issues in the first month of the campaign was Prime Minister John Turner's having been seen to pat Liberal Party President Iona Campagnolo on the bum. Actually, Turner's condescending gesture reeked more of country club bonhomie, circa 1950, than unbridled lechery. It would be worrying only if he were running for principal of a girls' high school. But Brian Mulroney, understandably, has made the most of it, puffed out with indignation against this unspeakable violation of womankind.

Our election has also been enriched by little ironies. Turner, having acquiesced under duress to confirm a flood tide of patronage appointments demanded by departing Prime Minister Pierre Elliott Trudeau, has been handicapped since Day 1 of his campaign, with Mulroney jabbing away effectively on the issue. But speaking from the heart to his own potential constituents in Baie Comeau, Mulroney assured them that if he were elected, they would enjoy "priority treatment," which is to say *wink, wink*, they would be first into the trough.

Patronage, surely, was the sleazy underside of the Trudeau heritage, but it must also be said that after 16 almost uninterrupted years in office, Trudeau did not leave this bickering, fragmented country as he found it. A previous Prime Minister, the engaging Lester B. Pearson, gave us a flag. Trudeau, going one better, brought home a constitution, severing our last official colonial cord. Now that we've got some of the furniture of nationhood, all we need is a proper house.

Trudeau could behave petulantly—yes, indeed—but he also showed grace under pressure, he was eloquent on occasion and easily the intellectual superior of anybody else in Parliament. He entrenched French power in Ottawa to the happy extent that it is now no longer possible for a unilingual leader to be Prime Minister. Trudeau, washed into office on waves of Trudeauania, was put in place in the hope that he would keep a smoldering Quebec in confederation, and, in that, he suc-



ceeded, even as he also alienated the west. The separatist *Parti Québécois*, once a serious threat, is now a spent force, reduced to a 23% following in the latest polls. In the future, it seems likely that the more vengeful clauses of their language legislation will be revoked. I dream that some day it will be legal again for an English-language bookshop in Montreal to mount a bilingual sign on the street, just as it is now possible in Paris, another French-speaking city.

Trudeau, a leader of international stature, a lonely advocate of nuclear sanity in his last year in office, never did put his mind to our economic plight. Either he considered it beneath him or he is easily bored. What he did offer was a vision of a civil, bilingual society.

Now we are being asked to choose between a potential chairman of Canada Inc. and a capable if calculating political boss. It's a safe bet that both Turner and Mulroney are more knowledgeable about economics than Trudeau, but neither of them seems possessed of a vision of this country that extends beyond fancying himself filling the Prime Minister's office. Turner and Mulroney, bless them, are

both for a lower national deficit, higher employment and less acid rain on Sundays. Driven to it, they will admit we live in the greatest damn country in the world. In Yellowknife, for instance, it seldom sinks lower than 50° below in winter. Only the third candidate, the resoundingly decent leader of the New Democratic Party, Ed Broadbent, has addressed himself honestly to the kind of society he would like to see us share, which is to say, he doesn't stand a chance of winning.

Indifferent voters will not be endorsing either Turner or Mulroney so much as voting against one or the other. Against Turner because the Liberals have grown fat and insensitive in office, coming to take power as their birthright. Against Mulroney because they simply don't trust him. His suits fit so well. For every question he has a mellifluous, rehearsed response, more glib than deeply felt. One would be hard put to separate the two contenders with an ideological straw. Both, retreating from Trudeau's economic nationalism, would hasten to put out the welcome wagon again for American investment, though Mulroney, one suspects, wouldn't even ask for a deposit on the empties.

Remember, North America's attic is not where the action is, it's where it reverberates. After you elected J.F.K., we went for Trudeau. Following Reagan, it seems likely we will thrust Mulroney into office. Mulroney would do much more than Turner to beef up our defense forces, which makes me hanker for the Pearson years, when legend has it that a sagacious M.P. stood up and said there is only one possible defense policy for Canada: paint arrows on our rooftops saying this way to Detroit, that way to Chicago.

North America's attic is also where an abundance of riches is stored. We own one-third of the world's fresh-water supply, enough oil and gas to be self-sufficient; there are wheat and timber and iron ore. But we have never been able to put it together. After all these years we remain a loosely knit, quarrelsome federation. Put California into a typewriter and the third carbon will yield British Columbia. Out there, beyond the Rockies, they look upon Ottawa as distant and uncaring. The fulminating west feels, with some justice, that it remains an internal colony, the National Energy Policy's sacrificial goat.

What we are being offered in this election is not a leader of vision but a choice of managers. Interchangeable political parts. For too long this country, like the Expos, has looked good only on paper. Canadians are weary of being told we will inherit a golden tomorrow. We need something more right now. ■

TERRORISM

Scouring the Red Sea Floor

Despite an international effort, the mystery of the mines persists

The ships and helicopters of three nations—the U.S., Britain and France—joined the search last week, but the mystery of the Red Sea mines remained unsolved. As the toll of vessels damaged by explosions while sailing either to or from the Suez Canal reached 19, British and French ships and U.S. helicopters were hard at work trying to locate and identify one or more of the mines that were presumed to be causing the trouble. By week's end none had been recovered, though a Cairo newspaper reported that an Egyptian team had detonated a mine in the Red Sea.

Since nobody has yet managed to lo-

Muammar Gaddafi is the sworn enemy of Egypt's President Hosni Mubarak, as the prime suspect. Central to this view is the fact that a Libyan cargo ship, the *Ghat*, entered the northern end of the canal on July 6, then traveled southward through the canal and the Gulf of Suez to the Ethiopian port of Assab on the Red Sea, where it unloaded its cargo and eventually headed back toward the canal. According to Egyptian officials, that round trip should have taken the *Ghat* about eight days. In fact, it took 15 days. Long before the *Ghat* left the canal on its northward voyage, several ships suffered explosions.

In the beginning, Mubarak implied

turned to the U.S. for help. The Reagan Administration has subsequently been accused by the Soviet Union and some radical Middle Eastern states of using the problem as a way to force more U.S. naval power into the region. The Soviet news agency Novosti declared that Washington was "tempted by the idea of turning the Red Sea into an American lake." The Iranian and Libyan news agencies even charged that the U.S. planted the mines in the first place. But the Reagan Administration would have little reason to become involved in an overseas military activity during an election year or to do anything that might remind the U.S. public about its failures in Lebanon.

At the same time, the Administration is eager to support Mubarak in a moment of need and suggested that he call for an international rescue mission. Britain contributed four mine-searching vessels,



The U.S. ship *Shreveport*, with minesweeping helicopters, sails through the Suez Canal to join British and French vessels in the search for mines

cate the "smoking gun," as some diplomats put it, there was no certain way to determine just which country or group is responsible for what appeared to be an elaborate act of terrorism and harassment. In the beginning, Egypt, which operates the Suez Canal, had two prime suspects, Iran and Libya. The Iranian government of the Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini was known to be angry and frustrated over its inability to stop its enemy Iraq from attacking tankers using Iranian oil facilities in the Persian Gulf. The Iranians were also upset about Iraq's intention to export more of its own oil via planned pipelines through Jordan and Saudi Arabia. So it made sense to suppose that Iran might have planted mines in the Red Sea as a way of retaliating against each of those countries as well as against Egypt, which has given heavy support to Iraq in its four-year-old war with Iran. But Khomeini two weeks ago denied that Iran was involved and denounced the mining with such vehemence that, for once, his protestations of innocence seemed genuine.

That left Libya, whose radical leader

that either Libya or Iran might be responsible. He later added that he hoped it was not Iran. "I think the Libyans were involved," he told reporters early last week. "But until now we are waiting to find one of the mines to confirm our suspicions." Like his predecessor, the late Anwar Sadat, Mubarak has long been at odds with Gaddafi. Sadat once described the Libyan leader as "a vicious criminal, 100% sick and possessed of the demon." Mubarak's style is to be more restrained in his criticism of fellow Arab rulers, but he has often told visitors privately that he thinks Gaddafi is "crazy." Though reluctant to voice his suspicions, the U.S. apparently agrees. Brookings Institution Middle East Expert William Quandt said that he believes Iraq had "its hands full in the gulf" and that the Red Sea's mining is consistent with Libya's "history of disruptive behavior."

But proving Libya's guilt is something else. Mubarak knew that Egypt's twelve aging minesweepers were not capable of clearing the entire Red Sea, or even the Gulf of Suez, or of finding and identifying unexploded mines. So he

which have wooden hulls to reduce the risk of setting off magnetic mines. France has sent four minesweepers and two support ships to the region. The U.S. dispatched four Sea Stallion helicopters and a contingent of about 200 men aboard the *Shreveport*, an amphibious transport vessel that entered the Gulf of Suez at midweek. The *Shreveport* joined the U.S. oceanographic ship *Harkness*, where 15 mine-warfare experts were already at work. Later the U.S. sent three helicopters to Saudi Arabia at the Saudis' request. Italian vessels were due in the area this week. Off South Yemen, the Soviets were said to have a minesweeper and two other vessels ready to begin a search of their own.

Sooner or later, the searchers expect to capture a mine intact and perhaps extract from it some clues about its origin. Whenever that occurs, it could prove costly to the culprits, whoever they may be. Egypt's Mubarak vowed that as soon as the mystery is solved, the ships of the nation or nations responsible for the mining will be banned from the Suez Canal. —By William E. Smith. Reported by Philip Finnegan/Cairo, with other bureaus

World

NORTHERN IRELAND

Death in West Belfast

A U.S. activist's visit shatters a fragile peace

A British army helicopter circled overhead, but on the ground soldiers and police were discreetly out of sight. The mood was angry rather than violent last Wednesday as the crowd of thousands slowly walked through West Belfast to St. Agnes Church, and then to the mill town cemetery, occasionally overflowing onto the sidewalks. Inside the flower-covered black hearse that led the funeral procession lay the body of Sean Downes, 22, the latest victim of Northern Ireland's bitter sectarian strife. Downes had been killed three days earlier, hit in the chest by a plastic bullet when police charged a nationalist rally in a vain attempt to arrest Martin Galvin, 34, a prominent U.S. supporter of the outlawed Irish Republican Army (I.R.A.).

from visiting Ulster. Prior's motive: Galvin is also the publicity director of the Irish Northern Aid Committee (NORAID), a New York-based organization that officials in London, Washington and Dublin believe is the main overseas source of I.R.A. funds and weapons. Though it is strongly opposed to NORAID and the I.R.A., the government in Dublin had allowed Galvin to enter the Irish Republic on the grounds that he had Irish grandparents; from there it was an easy journey across a border that is difficult to police.

A rally had been called outside the West Belfast headquarters of Sinn Fein, the political wing of the I.R.A., and scores of policemen from the Royal Ulster Constabulary (R.U.C.), the predominantly Protestant police force, had gathered at

happened next were later given by the police, Sinn Fein and journalists covering the rally. As Galvin made a dramatic appearance and bounded to the microphone, the audience surged to its feet, cheering, and the constabulary charged the platform with raised truncheons in an attempt to reach him. Bystanders were clubbed, and policemen fired plastic bullets into the crowd, in defiance of official guidelines that forbid aiming above the waist or shooting at anyone closer than 65 ft., except in cases of grave danger. A television sequence later showed Downes running toward police, an object in his hand, and collapsing after being hit by a plastic bullet. He died where he fell. At least two dozen people were injured; several of the NORAID group claimed to have been hurt. In the melee, Galvin leaped from the platform and vanished.

Although Washington withheld criticism and Dublin's protests were subdued, angry reactions to the police shooting came flooding in, especially from pro-Irish groups in the U.S., where the TV scenes reached a larger-than-normal audience in news breaks during the Olympics coverage. The bitterest attacks, however, came from closer to home. Liberal Party Leader David Steel denounced what he called a "police riot"; Labor Party Leader Neil Kinnock demanded an independent inquiry; and former Northern Ireland Secretary Roy Mason protested "a monstrous error of judgment."

Prior, who is due to give up his thankless post as Northern Ireland Secretary and retire from the Thatcher Cabinet this fall, admitted that "the decision to ban Galvin's entry looks a bad mistake." Despite this admission, the British government persisted in defending the behavior of the Ulster police.

While the outcry continued in London, tensions flared anew in Ulster as the province prepared itself for the funeral of Downes and, coincidentally, of two constabulary officers killed in separate I.R.A. attacks. On the day before the funeral, violence erupted at a Belfast soccer match when rioting Roman Catholic fans caused police to open fire with plastic bullets. Later that evening, Catholic youngsters blocked streets in West Belfast with barricades of hijacked cars, which they then set afire. Against a background of almost nightly sporadic unrest in Catholic areas, Belfast's Protestant majority provided its own display of violence. The confrontation reached such a peak that police opened fire with plastic bullets, for the first time, against Protestant rioters.

The violence once again demonstrated the gulf that exists between Northern Ireland's two communities. It also raised new fear in troubled Ulster of increased support for Sinn Fein and its backing of I.R.A. terrorism. The outcome, it seems, is that both Catholics and Protestants alike will lose. —By Jay D. Palmer. Reported by Bonnie Angelo/London and Edmond Curran/Belfast



Mourners parade through West Belfast, following hearse carrying the body of Sean Downes

Angry protests and new tensions follow what an official admitted was "a bad mistake."

Captured in brutal detail by television cameras, the outburst was the worst in months in a province that had grown progressively more peaceful over the past three years. Barely a day after the clash and after I.R.A. supporters had paraded through West Belfast with black flags to the beat of muffled drums, the cries of angry stone-throwing youths again echoed through the city, and smoke rose from burning cars. At the same time, recriminations poured into London, accusing the government of Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher of mishandling the original confrontation and giving the I.R.A. a propaganda coup.

British Secretary of State for Northern Ireland James Prior had been determined to ban Galvin, a lawyer with New York City's sanitation department,

the site, anticipating a possible appearance by Galvin. The violence, according to TIME's Bob O'Connor, started even before the speeches began, when police fired volleys of plastic bullets, used for riot control, to clear nearby rooftops of stone-throwing youths. In an attempt to regain the initiative, rally organizers asked the crowd of about 3,000 to sit on the ground as Sinn Fein President Gerry Adams, a member of the British Parliament who is an avowed supporter of the I.R.A., stepped onto the raised platform. Declared Adams: "To the Royal Ulster Constabulary and British soldiers and those in charge, if you want to kill men, women and children, this is your opportunity because we're not moving. Let's welcome Martin Galvin!"

Different versions of what



Martin Galvin

WEST GERMANY

The Happier Warriors

New weapons, nicer digs and a bigger buck boost U.S. morale

For the 4,000 soldiers of the U.S. 11th Armored Cavalry Regiment, stationed in the strategic Fulda Gap near the border between East and West Germany, life in uniform has never been easy. Most towns in the area are small, provincial and often dull. East German and Soviet border patrols are a constant presence. Above all, the American servicemen at Fulda are aware that the 30-mile gap is a likely invasion route in the event of a conflict between NATO and the Warsaw Pact.

Despite all those impediments to good cheer, 11th Cavalry morale is higher than the watchtowers that dot the border. Re-enlistment, a key index of soldier satisfaction, is better than in recent memory: so far this year, some 400 men and women have signed on for another tour. Says Colonel Joe G. Driskill, the 11th Cavalry's commander: "For the first time, we're in a position to turn soldiers away."

That change of attitude is evident at all of the 36 U.S. military communities scattered across West Germany, where 252,530 men and women in uniform make up the largest concentration of U.S. armed forces overseas. Like U.S. military personnel everywhere, they show the beneficial effects of four years of sharply increased spending by the Reagan Administration on military pay, equipment and facilities, as well as a post-Viet Nam restoration of pride in the armed forces. The troops are also benefiting from the climb of the U.S. dollar and a decline in the sporadic leftist terrorism that plagued West Germany from the late 1960s until 1982. The result is a big increase in the eagerness and capability of the soldiers who man a key section of NATO's defense in Western Europe. Says Specialist 4 James Thurman, 21, of the 8th Infantry Division, which is based at Baumholder: "We're better trained, we look better, we're prouder, and I think we can do a better job."

The change is especially dramatic because conditions in West Germany were long acknowledged to be abysmal. As recently as 1981, U.S. troops were living and working in facilities that predated World War II. Some were World War I cavalry stables; nearly 3,000 soldiers lived in a former Wehrmacht military prison. Tanks, trucks and other equipment were often older than the soldiers who used them. Drug and alcohol abuse were rife, racial conflict inside units and with local citizens was frequent, and hostility from the vociferous West German peace movement was palpable. Overall, the sad condition of U.S. forces raised serious questions about NATO's ability to defend the Western allies. Says John Kominicki, a reporter with the U.S. military newspaper *Stars and Stripes*: "A few years ago, a lot of soldiers had some strong doubts about being able to hold the enemy. Now

they're damned sure that any Red who steps across that border is going to get kicked back."

One reason for that confidence is a basic change in the U.S. soldier. Because of energetic recruiting and the soft civilian job market of past years, the proportion of high school graduates in the Army worldwide has increased from 55% to 93% since the late 1970s. Officers report that the new enlistee is also better motivated, especially when it comes to assignments like West Germany with the potential, however faint, for combat. Says General Robert L. Wetzel, commander of the V Corps, U.S. Army Europe: "We can now afford to take the cream of enlistees."

Although Pentagon officials concede a need for additional ammunition and supplies to increase the Army's staying power in a conflict, the flow of modern

substandard dwellings has been cut by more than half, to about 4,500.

Newer weapons and nicer digs are fine, but the soldier's best friend these days is probably the almighty buck. A dollar bought 1.8 deutsche marks in 1980; late last week the exchange rate was 2.85. Coming atop Reagan Administration-inspired military pay increases, the better exchange rate means that a newly minted U.S. first lieutenant now has about twice as much local currency to spend as four years ago. In 1980 a monthly base pay of \$1,163.10 would translate to DM 2,093; today's base pay of \$1,437.60 will get DM 4,098. The soldiers have been quick to respond to the hike in local purchasing power: they spent nearly \$60 million last year on video equipment, and new BMWs and Porsches have replaced secondhand cars in many military parking lots. Says Specialist 4 Steven Frank of the 8th Infantry Division: "Guys are coming in on Friday and saying 'Get showered, we're going to Paris for the weekend.' We can afford it now."

Even with those changes, U.S. military life in West Germany still has its strains. As



Better trained, prouder and more capable: 11th Cavalrymen with their Abrams tanks

"Any Red who steps across that border is going to get kicked back."

U.S. weaponry to West Germany—especially the M1 Abrams tank, the Black Hawk helicopter and the computerized Multiple Launch Rocket System—has cheered the troops. After the 3rd Infantry Division at Würzburg received its new tanks in 1982, the re-enlistment rate for those eligible to re-up after their first tour of duty shot up from 20% to 70%. On a more mundane level, members of the 8th Infantry at Baumholder are grateful for a new motor-pool building, which has ended the practice of repairing tanks in the icy outdoors during winter.

Congress last year appropriated \$64.8 million for new military family housing in West Germany, the first such allocation since World War II. The housing-maintenance budget available for military families has also risen, from \$300 million in 1980 to \$550 million this year. As a result, the number of military families living in

American morale has improved, West German authorities have indeed noted a decline in clashes between U.S. servicemen and their civilian neighbors over such issues as race and the affections of local girls. But other tensions are creeping in, sparked by the U.S. military's new assertiveness and prosperity. West German newspapers have begun to comment with envy on American spending sprees. One prominent editor complains that he has received arrogant letters from U.S. military officers that "sounded as if they were coming from occupation leaders." Of course, West Germany will probably never be entirely comfortable with U.S. forces on its soil. Despite the drawbacks, however, many West Germans would admit that the gains in morale and readiness should make that presence easier to bear for both sides.

—By George Russell.
Reported by Gary Lee/Fulda

A man in a red sweater and light-colored pants leans over the hood of a classic white car. A woman in a striped shirt leans over the hood from the other side, looking at something on the car. The car has a prominent chrome grille and round headlights. The scene is set outdoors with greenery in the background.

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BRAZIL

Choosing Sides

A step toward civilian rule

The two gatherings could not have been more different in style. The military-backed Social Democratic Party met at Brasilia's modern convention center, where a brass band blared, girls flounced in colored costumes, and banners, balloons and neon signs proclaimed the names of the party's two candidates. The opposition Brazilian Democratic Movement Party gathered in a building in the heart of the city, but apart from the crowded parking lot, it was hard to tell that a meeting was even taking place. There were no bands or pretty cheerleaders, and posters and banners introduced not candidates but issues. Despite the differences, both parties were meeting for the same purpose: to select a candidate for next January's electoral college, in which delegates will choose the country's first civilian President after 20 years of military rule.

The conventions were another long-awaited step in the country's slow return to democracy, which has been carefully controlled by the military. Since the generals came to power in a 1964 coup, five of their number have served as President. But the last two generals have been gradually carrying out an *abertura*, or political opening, which has included amnesty for political prisoners, a partial lifting of censorship and more opposition-party participation in government. The results of the conventions, however, could signal not only the end of military control but the beginning of rule by an opposition party. The Brazilian Democratic Movement Party chose as its candidate Tancredino Neves, 74, a moderate, avuncular lawyer and governor of Minas Gerais state. Political analysts say he has a good chance of winning.

The Social Democratic candidate is Paulo Salim Maluf, 52, a conservative, wealthy businessman and former governor of São Paulo state, whose victory was the result of patient and persistent back-room



Neves: moderate, avuncular lawyer
Some critical, dissident support.



Maluf: conservative, wealthy businessman

politicizing among convention delegates. His nomination came as something of a disappointment to President João Figueiredo, 66, who has at times privately preferred Mário David Andreazza, 66, the low-key Interior Minister. Figueiredo has agreed to support his party's candidate, but some party members feel Maluf is an unpopular public figure who would not represent their views. A dissident group of about 60 Social Democrats, led by Brazilian Vice President Aureliano Chaves, decided to support Opposition Candidate Neves in exchange for a policymaking role in a government he might lead.

Although the dissidents believe that Neves is the more likely of the two candidates to restore confidence in Brazil's government and hasten the return to democracy, neither is expected to steer Brazil far from the policies of Figueiredo. In trying to manage the country's estimated \$100 billion foreign debt, Neves emphasizes social and economic justice first, whereas Maluf proposes a free-market solution to the problem. Says Maluf: "Brazil has never had a businessman as President. We need to change the mentality of the country." Both men have pledged to work for more jobs to ease Brazil's combined unemployment and underemployment rate of 40% and curb its 218% annual inflation.

Despite the military government's continuing political relaxations, one thing will not change in next year's elections: the President will be chosen not by popular vote but by a 686-member electoral college made up of the House of Representatives, the Senate and delegates from the majority party in each of Brazil's 23 states. Although the Social Democrats have a more than 30-seat majority in the college, Maluf faces an uphill fight. In addition to the Social Democratic dissidents who have pledged to support Neves, more than a dozen disenfranchised supporters of Interior Minister Andreazza have indicated they might follow suit. Should that happen, Neves is almost certain to lead the political reawakening after what he has called Brazil's "eclipse of 20 years." ■

ARMAMENTS

Bomblets Away

A Chilean-Iraqi connection

The Boeing 747 cargo plane swept in out of the night sky over the Andes. In accordance with a procedure established in earlier visits, it was guided to the far side of an international airport near Santiago, where passengers boarding commercial flights would not be able to see it. Trucks pulled up, and for the next six hours workers loaded the aircraft's secret cargo. Then, at first light, the plane departed as discreetly as it had come. Thus did Iraq secure the fifth of 18 deliveries of Chilean-manufactured cluster bombs for potential use against Iran.

Radical Iraq's long reach to a conservative military regime in the Southern Hemisphere illustrates how far nations will go, literally, to buy arms. An equally fascinating aspect is that Chile, despite the fact that it has to import most of its own weapons, has now become an exporter of war matériel.

The development of a Chilean weapons industry is an indirect result of the arms embargo that the U.S. imposed on the South American nation in 1976. That was the same year that Chilean secret-police agents in Washington, D.C., murdered Orlando Letelier, a former Chilean Defense Minister whom the government of Dictator Augusto Pinochet Ugarte disliked for his criticism of its human rights violations. When Chile almost went to war with Argentina in 1978 over ownership of three islands in the Beagle Channel, near the continent's southern tip, the Chilean government urged private industry to become involved in defense contracting. One firm that responded was Explosivos Industriales Cardoen, a small company that was then producing explosives for use in mining. After developing an armored personnel carrier based on the 24.5-ton Swiss-made Mowag, Cardoen started building a 500-lb. cluster bomb. Before reaching the ground, it releases up to 300 bomblets that can cover an area the size of ten football fields. Cardoen, which exports around \$70 million worth of arms a year, won out as Iraq's cluster-bomb supplier against stiff competition from U.S., British and French companies.

Iraqi military experts explain that they want the cluster bombs to defend themselves against the kind of human-wave assaults that Iran has tried in the past. They could also do considerable damage to the pipelines and loading equipment at Kharg Island and other Iranian oil terminals. The Chilean cluster bombs represent only a fraction of Iraq's huge arsenal, which consists mostly of weapons bought from the Soviet Union and France. But for Chile's budding arms industry the deal offers visibility, and perhaps field testing, in one of the bloodiest wars now under way. ■

World Notes

VATICAN

Priests and Politicians

Can a priest serve both God and the Sandinistas? Yes, say the four Roman Catholic clergymen who have held top posts in the Nicaraguan government since the Sandinistas came to power in 1979. No, says Pope John Paul II, who has insisted that canon law forbids the priests "to assume public offices that involve . . . the exercise of civil power." The priests, including Foreign Minister Miguel d'Escoto Brockmann and Culture Minister Ernesto Cardenal Martínez (at whom the Pope shook his finger in reproach during his 1983 visit to Nicaragua), struck a compromise with their church superiors in 1981 by agreeing not to say Mass or perform religious functions while holding their government posts.

The Vatican, however, has decided to press the issue. At Rome's instruction, Nicaraguan Bishop Pablo Antonio Vega last week reported that he has asked three of the priests to decide between their jobs and the priesthood in accordance with canon law. If the Vatican is not satisfied with the responses, which are due late next week, the priests could be suspended. The priests claim not to be eager for a showdown, but their position leaves little room for further compromise. Said D'Escoto of his dual role as priest and politician: "There is no conflict. I am serving my people."

NICARAGUA

Flying Down to Managua

For two years the Reagan Administration has accused the Sandinistas of building a military airfield near Managua that could handle any combat plane in the Soviet arsenal. For two years the Sandinistas have dismissed the charge. But wait. Transportation Minister Carlos Zarruck last week acknowledged that an airport is indeed being constructed at Punta Huete, about 13 miles northeast of the capital. Zarruck insisted that the facility is designed primarily for civilian traffic, though he did not rule out a military role. He said that the project is entirely a Nicaraguan undertaking and that it should be finished in 1986. Administration sources contend that Cubans are in charge and that they are working round the clock to finish the main strip by this fall. Washington fears that the field will be used for a shipment of Czechoslovak-made L-39 fighters that may be en route from Eastern Europe, or by a squadron of Soviet MiG-23s reportedly stationed in Cuba, but the Sandinistas deny it. All the U.S. and Nicaragua seem to agree on is that, at some 4,400 yds., Punta Huete will have the longest runway in Central America.

COSTA RICA

Turbulence in Paradise

Costa Rica, long an island of tranquility in troubled Central America, is experiencing some unaccustomed turbulence. Minister of Security Angel Edmundo Solano Calderón put the nation's 6,000-man civil guard on "maximum alert" two weeks ago, citing rumors of a coup. After President Luis Alberto Monge ridiculed the takeover scare as "crazy," a chastened Solano said he had only been joking. But a few days later Monge asked Solano and the 14 other members of his Cabinet to resign, as well as nearly all of the country's 33 ambassadors.

The housecleaning is aimed at restoring public confidence, besides giving Monge a free hand in dealing with the country's troubled economy and its more than \$4 billion in foreign debt. A major target of the Cabinet shuffle, for instance, was Minister of



D'Escoto

the Presidency Fernando Berrocal Soto, whose reported role in winning government loans for a brother-in-law drew angry mutterings from other hard-pressed businessmen. Shortly before the resignations, Costa Rica asked for a two-week extension on an Aug. 15 deadline to comply with belt-tightening reforms requested by the International Monetary Fund. Monge is especially worried by the growing disenchantment of Costa Rica's middle class, whose standard of living has steadily declined since 1980.

IRAN

Who's Up, Who's Down

Eager to show there was support for his policies, Prime Minister Mir Hossein Mousavi asked Iran's parliament last week to give him and his government a vote of confidence. What Mousavi got instead was a split decision: he and 15 Cabinet ministers won approval, but five officials, including Defense Minister Muhammad Salimi, were dismissed. Salimi's ouster was not tied to the conduct of Iran's four-year war with Iraq, since military strategy rests with Iran's generals and Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini's inner circle. Instead, Salimi was accused of not weeding out waste in the country's defense budget.

In addition, Salimi and another cashiered minister belong to an ultraconservative Shi'ite Muslim group that has been critical of Khomeini's policies. The shake-up apparently was engineered by Parliamentary Speaker Ali Akbar Hashemi Rafsanjani, who believes that such dissent is divisive. Rafsanjani's maneuver may show that in the rivalry between him and President Seyed Ali Khamenei, Rafsanjani is winning. "He has Khomeini's ear," said a senior Iranian official. "By forcing a Cabinet reshuffle, he just demonstrated who is boss."



Rafsanjani

DIPLOMACY

Marriage of Convenience

In the annals of diplomacy, there are few suitors more ardent than Muammar Gaddafi. During his 15-year reign, the Libyan leader has proposed formal alliances with Syria, Egypt, Tunisia, Chad, Sudan and Algeria. None of those marriages has endured. Yet Western diplomats were surprised last week when Gaddafi signed a "union of states" agreement with Morocco's King Hassan II. The two nations are the region's oddest couple. While Libya is a radical socialist state, Morocco is a traditional monarchy; while Gaddafi is a sworn enemy of the U.S., Hassan is a firm ally.

The liaison, of course, has less to do with amity than with convenience. Hassan seeks Libyan oil dollars to cure his country's economic ills and wants to ensure that Gaddafi does not resume his support of the Polisario guerrillas that have plagued Morocco since 1976. Gaddafi hopes to end Libya's political isolation, especially from its nearest neighbors; he was nettled by his exclusion

from a friendship treaty signed by Algeria, Tunisia and Mauritania in 1983. Since Moroccan officials say privately that Gaddafi cannot be trusted, and since the Libyan leader has not hidden his disdain of Hassan's Western ways, the union is likely to meet the same fate as Libya's previous marriages.



Gaddafi with King Hassan

Science

The Miracle of "Test-Tube" Skin

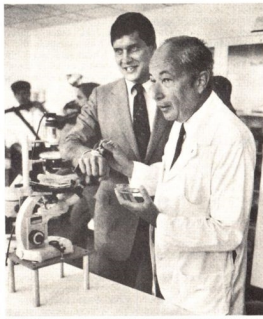
How a new technique gave life to Glen and Jamie

Six-year-old Glen Selby and his five-year-old brother Jamie were spending July 1, 1983, the way they passed many a summer day: just hanging around their neighborhood in Casper, Wyo. A small friend from down the street joined the sandy-haired boys, and the three quickly conjured up some devilry. A nearby house, which was up for sale, stood temptingly empty, and the boys decided to go exploring. Sneaking inside through an unlocked back door, the youngsters discovered cans of paint and solvent, and they began splattering paint on walls, floors and themselves. Then they went to a small bedroom to clean up. They removed their paint-flecked clothes and splashed a gasoline solvent over their bodies, letting it pool on the floor. Then, for some reason, one of the boys struck a match, and mischief turned to tragedy.

The room exploded like a fire bomb, and the youngsters ran out of the house screaming, their bodies aflame. Neighbors, who called paramedics, said the children were so charred that they seemed to be covered with mud. The brothers' friend had the most severe injuries: he died two days later. The Selbys' condition was also grim, with scorched skin over 97% of their bodies. At least 83% of the wounds were of the most serious kind: third-degree burns in which both the upper and lower layers of the skin, the epidermis and dermis, are destroyed and there is damage to underlying tissue. Even if the boys were able to ward off the myriad deadly complications, including shock and infection, they had very little skin left to heal the wounds and provide grafts to cover the massive injuries. And yet today, one year after the accident, the Selby brothers are alive and well, thanks to a new method of growing large patches of skin in laboratory flasks, using postage stamp-sized scraps retrieved from a burn victim's body.

The technique, developed by Dr. Howard Green of Harvard Medical School, has been used on six other burn patients, none with injuries as serious as those of the Selby boys. Says Plastic Surgeon G. Gregory Gallico III of Massachusetts General Hospital and the Shriners Burns Institute, both in Boston, and head of the team that treated the brothers: "These boys had no other hope for survival, so we agreed to try." That the experimental treatment could even be attempted is a tribute to the heroic efforts of the

emergency room at Memorial Hospital of Natrona County, Wyo., where the children were rushed after the accident. The hospital staff labored over the youngsters for four hours, maintaining their breathing and starting replacement fluids and chemicals to keep them from going into shock. That night the boys were flown to Children's Hospital in Denver, where "we worked on them almost around the clock for 48 hours," remembers Dr. William Bailey, director of the hospital's burn cen-



Green places gauze coated with cultured skin on Gallico's hands. Multiplying a postage stamp-sized scrap 10,000 times.

ter. Once the brothers' condition was stable, the staff's attention turned to how to replace the missing skin.

The boys' big break came when Bailey heard that the Shriners Institute had done cultured skin implants on a limited basis. "I thought, 'That's the ticket. That's what they need,'" he recalls. The children were flown east one week after the accident. As described in last week's *New England Journal of Medicine*, the Boston team took fragments of uninjured skin from the boys' armpits and groins, diced them into groups of cells and then separated them chemically. The isolated cells were then placed in flasks and bathed in a growth-stimulating solution.

After ten days the cells had reproduced and were covering the inside sur-

faces of the containers. This gave the researchers enough skin to grind down again to start skin cultures in several more flasks. Explains Green: "When the colonies are small, they double every 17 hours." Indeed, each original piece of skin was multiplied ten-thousandfold.

A serendipitous finding ten years ago by Green made this procedure possible. While studying cultures of a mouse tumor, he found flourishing colonies of cells resembling those of the upper layer of living skin. Investigation showed that these epithelial cells grew because of the presence of fibroblasts, a type of cell common to the connective tissue that makes up the dermis. Green realized that the discovery had implications for burn patients: Cultured skin, derived from the victim, would not be rejected by the body's immune system. Another major advance came when Green discovered that a certain bacterial enzyme could remove skin cultures from a flask in entire sheets by loosening the bond between the cells and the plastic surface of the container.

Retrieved in 3-in. by 2-in. patches, the skin was placed over the brothers' injuries and sewed in place. Over a period of four to five months, each boy received half a square yard of cultured skin. About 60% to 80% of the grafts took hold, and now cover more than 50% of the brothers' bodies. The remainder of the burn wounds healed naturally or were covered by grafts of skin taken from healed sites. Doctors believe that the new technique could help about 10% to 15% of the 100,000 people hospitalized for burns in the U.S. every year. Other potential beneficiaries: those with congenital skin damage, ulcers or wounds left after the removal of large tumors.

The "test-tube" skin is "shiny and pink and smooth," says Gallico. But it differs from normal tissue in several ways. It lacks hair follicles and sweat glands, which does not appear to be a problem. The new skin is also thinner than natural tissue, having no dermis. The Boston team cautions that it will take years to assess the success of cultured skin, but, says Gallico, "it appears permanent and durable."

Still, Jamie and Glen Selby "shouldn't go out and play football," warns Green. The brothers face more skin grafts, plastic surgery and physical therapy, but their most important battle is behind them: they are alive. "The logistics of skin reproduction as reported are truly remarkable," says Dr. Jack Fisher of the University of California, San Diego, in an editorial in the *New England Journal*. This achievement, he adds, "cannot be overstated."

—By Anastasia Toufexis.
Reported by Meg Grant/Los Angeles

Computers

A Giant Flexes Its Muscles

IBM throws a splashy dealer party to launch new products

When IBM introduced its first personal computer about three years ago, it rented a suite in Manhattan's Waldorf-Astoria for a low-key presentation to a few hundred industry specialists and the press. Since then, nearly 1 million PCs have been sold, and the machine has become the recognized industry standard. So when the computer's third birthday came around last week, IBM took over the 1,620-room Loews Anatole Hotel in Dallas and invited 2,400 dealers, software publishers and industry consultants to show off its new personal computer.

The atmosphere was more Big D than Big Blue. Everyone was given a cowboy hat and bandanna, beer and wine were freely consumed, and country music played. Unusual goings on for a company famous for dark blue suits and white shirts and where liquor is not permitted at official functions. In the words of one independent IBM dealer, the three-day extravaganza was "on the tasteful side of gaudy."

Behind the fun and froth was a hard sell. IBM unveiled a high-speed, high-power desktop model long referred to in the industry as "Popcorn." Officially named the PC AT (for advanced technology), the computer has at least twice the information-storage capacity of any other personal computer on the market. The firm also announced its first PC network, a system that will allow dozens of office workers to hook their computers together so they can use the same business data. In addition, IBM displayed a new program called Topview that lets a user split a computer screen into several sections or windows and work on different tasks at the same time.

IBM already commands 28% of the personal computer market, and industry watchers believe the new products will strengthen its dominance. Says Bruce Nollenberger, first vice president of Sutro & Co., a San Francisco brokerage house: "IBM is flexing its muscles, and the computer world is taking notice."

The enthusiastic response comes at a welcome time for IBM. The aging PC has been slipping in popularity. In June IBM cut PC prices by up to 23% to boost sales. A portable version of the PC, first sold in March, has had just modest success.

Even worse, IBM has been embarrassed by the shortcomings of the PCjr. Introduced last November to much fanfare as a home computer for family use, it

received only lukewarm reviews, and sales have been weak. Last month IBM decided to try again and announced a more powerful, improved version. It replaced a much criticized keyboard with a standard typewriter-style one and added more memory so that the PCjr can run

new chip enables the machine to run complicated programs that previously could work only on larger minicomputers. The Intel 80286 also makes it possible for the machine to perform several different tasks at once.

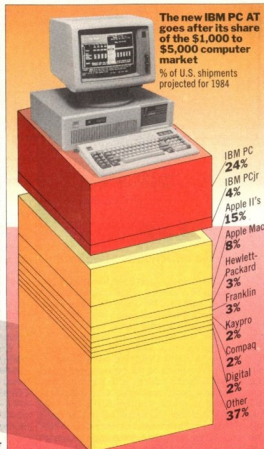
As more and more personal computers have gone into offices, companies have been looking for a way to hook them together so they can share information or use centralized equipment like printers or storage devices. The new IBM office network makes it possible for as many as 72 desktop computers to work together. The system, though, is relatively slow, so more time will be required to perform tasks when many people are using the network at once. IBM promises that a more advanced system will be out in two years.

Priced at \$3,995 and \$5,795 in its two versions, the PC AT will be going head-to-head in the office market against such established firms as Digital Equipment and Data General, as well as Silicon Valley upstarts like Altos and Fortune. Said Phillip White, a senior vice president at Altos, after the announcement: "IBM will be competing against its own products before they cut into our sales." But IBM has shown that it can be a dominating force once it goes after a market.

Two sprightly competitors, Apple and Compaq, may be less affected by the new IBM products. Houston-based Compaq has successfully marketed a portable version of the desktop PC and just introduced a high-speed office model called the DeskPro. Apple meanwhile has been enjoying rapid sales of the updated version of the seven-year-old Apple II called the IIe, while 90,000 Macintoshes have been shipped since it was introduced seven months ago. As both the Compaq portable and the Apple machines are significantly less expensive than the new IBM computers, they are not expected to feel much direct pressure.

IBM is not taking any chances that the PC AT will be less than a success. To promote the product, it is rearing its biggest television advertising campaign ever. The computer is already on store shelves, and as many as 30,000 could be shipped by year's end. That should make IBM dealers happy. They frequently complain about low profit margins and competition from IBM's own sales force. But after being wine and dined in Texas last week, one New Jersey computer dealer observed, "I've got to learn to love these guys because they are going to make me rich."

—By Alexander L. Taylor III
Reported by Thomas McCarrroll/New York and Mark Smith/San Francisco



business programs like Lotus 1-2-3. The fully equipped PCjr now sells for \$999, in contrast to the original \$1,269.

The machine IBM showed off last week has important technical advances. "The PC AT represents a leap in technology," says Robert Fertig, president of Enterprise Information Systems, a Connecticut research firm. "This is a real breakthrough." At the computer's heart is a new microprocessor called the 80286, made by Intel and licensed to IBM for manufacture. It handles information two to three times faster than the older design used in the PC and PC XT. The



Closing ceremonies at the Coliseum: traces of flashlights and the path of the "spacecraft" are seen during 30-second exposure

AEEL—CONTACT

Sport

One Last U.S. Victory Lap

While the finances were calculated, the athletes were celebrated



Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel.
—Samuel Johnson

Maybe the entire country is awash with scoundrels. If not, some delirious need to wave American flags has surfaced, fanning a passion previously associated with burning them. The sentimental tears and cheers of the pre-Olympic torch run turned into unembarrassed howls and shrieks last week for U.S. medalists taking a transcontinental victory lap from Los Angeles to Washington to New York to Disney World to Dallas. "I thought they'd be bored with us by now," said Steve Lundquist, the swimmer. "This is fantastic."

On the morning after the closing ceremonies, which were more spectacular and less charming than usual, the athletes gathered for breakfast with President Reagan before filling three United Air Lines charters. "This is something that happens to Michael Jackson," said another swimmer, Rowdy Gaines, "not to a bunch of jocks." Reagan told them, "You did us proud. Thanks for the memories, for the great moments, for being what you are, genuine heroes." Unable to resist mentioning his own ongoing race, he lost the audience momentarily. Since the 1980 boycott, athletes have become sensitive

on one subject. "I just don't like the Olympics to be a ploy for political things of any kind," said Pam McGee of the gold-medal women's basketball team, who brought along her twin sister Paula.

By the terms of the Southland (7-Eleven) Corp.'s \$1.2 million gift, every medal-winning Olympian was allowed to invite one guest on the caravan, and their choices were telling. Jeff Blatnick, the nation's most renowned Greco-Roman wrestler, asked Andrew Saris, the last man cut from the squad. Mary Lou Retton, whose gymnastics career required her to leave home two years ago, reached back to Follansbee, W. Va., for her old friend Lori Lombardi. Cyclist Steve Hegg's neighbor Doug Huffman used to pace him tirelessly in Dana Point, Calif. They went together to the parade.

Not every medal winner came along. Indicating why he is the world's most splendid diver, Greg Louganis turned to practicing for the nationals. Several of the basketball players had appointments with agents, though Reserve Center Jon Koncak took the occasion of the tour and blessed freedom from Coach Bobby Knight to complete a honeymoon on hold since June. Romance was flourishing. Synchronized Swimmer Tracie Ruiz was surprised with a diamond engagement ring by the boyfriend she brought along. And

Gymnast Mitch Gaylord was wakened regularly by phone-calling female admirers. Many of the track stars hustled to European meets to cash in on the medals, although quadruple Gold Medalist Carl Lewis pushed back his own schedule after he stopped off in Houston and found his home had been tossed by burglars, his stereo and video equipment stolen, his well-publicized crystal collection shattered. It appeared that the welcoming signs of kindly neighbors had pointed out the mark.

Some 200 athletes did march like conquering legions before the public, which turned out 2 million strong for the traditional blizzard of ticker tape in New York City's "confetti canyon," the milelong hero's avenue to City Hall from the Battery where fireboats squirted red, white and blue sprays. "We really fought for America," said Pistol Shooter Ruby Fox, and Brooklyn Boxer Mark Breland added, "My town has really turned out the troops." These days, ticker tape is scarce in Lower Manhattan, though a bit of the stuff was donated by Wall Street and some was imported from Connecticut. Mostly, the proppin in the upper windows threw down computer paper by the reel, toilet tissue by the roll and strips of shredded evidence. Even the boxers were warned not to wear their medals; in its brightest mood, New York is still a chainsnatcher's town. When too many spectators perched on construction scaffolding, the stand collapsed horrifyingly and 100 people were injured. Breland toured the hospitals later.

Next, Disney World was a happy and

uneventful stop. Then the Dallas barbecue was a hazard only to gymnasts: for them, just to whiff Texas barbecue is to risk going to bed as Nadia Comaneci and waking up as Shelley Winters. Finally, a little regretfully, the team disbanded. "Celebrity's been a big change for me," Retton said. "In a way it's really neat. But it won't change me. I'm still just plain Mary Lou. Meeting the President was neat. I'm a little sad it's over after nine years. Now I'd like to get into TV work. Fame helps there. I've had quite a few offers." In keeping with her station, her new transportation is a red Corvette: "I can reach the pedals if I sit on a pillow."

Back in Hollywood, where the scenery was being struck, the letdown was palpable. "I feel like I have lost a friend," said David Provenza, who in order to see the Games had taken off two weeks from his job as an industrial water-sprinkler installer. "I wouldn't mind going to Seoul in four years." In the manner of a beloved old ballpark being stripped for demolition, disposable slabs of vermilion and magenta will soon go on sale in a gigantic flea market. The saddest figure in Los Angeles was the honored policeman who wanted to be a hero or at least to be noticed by his superiors. Officer James W. Pearson, 40, was at first credited with disarming a bomb he found in a wheel well of the Turkish team's bus, but later was charged with planting it.

A financial accounting is expected next month, but departing Olympic Organizing Committee President Peter Ueberroth anticipates a profit exceeding the forecasted \$15 million, to be disbursed among the U.S. Olympic Committee, the National Sports Foundation and various youth groups. Ticket sales of 5,797,823 broke the Moscow record (5,466,321) and left Montreal in the dust (3,195,170). Considering high ratings—90% of all American households had the Games on at some time—ABC seems unlikely to press for a boycott rebate. Anchorman Peter Jennings and the whole fall schedule have been shirt-tailing to glory.

Mayor Tom Bradley, as unobtrusive as a politician can be, said quietly, "The Games are over; let the traffic begin." And, before long, the freeways were clogged again. Doomsaying undoubtedly cleared the roads at the outset of the Games, but Bradley is convinced that municipal pride helped keep them passable. "I have never been prouder," he said. "We are all still floating. That feeling will fade but the memory of the Games will always come alive again." Regarding a permanent site for the Olympics, some proponents of that old idea are smiling and saying that they may have a new alternative to Greece. International Olympic Committee President Juan Antonio Samaranch did not get into that, but he did observe that baseball is the Olympic sport he would be in favor of adding next. Ueberroth seemed to agree.

—By Tom Callahan.
Reported by Lee Griggs with the U.S. Olympic Team and Joseph J. Kane/Los Angeles



Reagan and Retton in Los Angeles



Terry Schroeder and Flo Hyman with Howard Baker



Parading with Mayor Edward Koch; Retton, Gymnast Bart Conner and Lombardi at Disney World



Daydreams on the Closing Night

A spectator aims for Seoul—maybe



Our man in the stands took his appointed seat for the closing night of the Games, but daydreamed about where he might have been.

The last marathon runner we watched emerge from the tunnel into the Coliseum was a Haitian with a lovely, euphonious name, Dieudonne Lamothe. He ran his last lap stolidly, engulfed by applause, and when he crossed the finish line he was the 78th runner to do so. The orange Halloween-hat traffic cones used to guide Lamothe and his swifter brethren onto the track from the tunnel were picked up; the tunnel was blocked off so that such scheduled rituals as the awarding of the final medals, the reintroduction of the athletes, the arrival of a spaceship, the performance of 200 break dancers, Lionel Richie, the fireworks and so forth, could begin.

But the original marathon field had consisted of 107 runners. What had happened to the rest of the contestants? Had they all dropped out, or were a number of them milling around outside the tunnel on Vermont Avenue trying to get in? Or even more poignant—were these exhausted men simply trying to persuade a gate attendant to let them down into the infield so they could watch the festivities with their fellow athletes? The gate attendant would be firm. "Got to have a ticket."

My seat neighbor said, "You look preoccupied."

I told her about the marathoners I felt were missing out on the celebration. "Down there is such a privileged place to be," I said. The athletes were carousing on the running track. An Australian girl wearing a knapsack was being tossed in a huge Australian flag.

"You'd like to be with them?" she asked.

"I envy them. Don't you?"

"Yes," she said. "I've always wanted to be a javelin thrower."

I suspect we were not alone in wondering wistfully if there was not perhaps one Olympic event (after all there are 220 of them) perfectly suited to our athletic abilities. It was only a question of *knowing*—that if she had picked up a javelin, say, just by chance, and thrown it, through some perfect and startling alchemic convulsion of muscles the thing would have sailed a quarter of a mile. Astonished observers in Central Park—the kind of place one would find a javelin or two lying around unintended—would ask to see it done again. Why not? After a few more titanic tosses, just to show a fluke was not involved, a phone call to a proper authority, a member of the U.S. Olympic Committee, would have been made.

"Ahem, I've just discovered the most extraordinary thing about myself." So now she would be sitting down there next to Steve Lundquist, the white-blond gold-medalist swimmer.

Actually, unlike others who share this absurd Walter Mitty daydream, I had done something about it. A month before the Games I had gone to the Olympic Training Center under the shadow of Pikes Peak in Colorado Springs to be tested in the Sports Physiology laboratories there to see if by chance there was a particular Olympic event for which I was a perfect physical specimen to suit up.

A number of teams were in training at



the center when I arrived. I had looked at them speculatively—judo (no chance there—too specialized), boxing (no, wrong-shaped nose), race walkers (not dignified enough on the move), water polo players, their nose clips dangling from their necks (a possibility?) and bicyclists. The bicycling caught my interest for a moment. In New York City I ride through town on a three-speed Peugeot with a wicker basket in front, but then I was shown the bowl-like velodrome where the bicyclists shoot up the wall and assume a sharp angle to the side that I can only associate with a bicycle that is in the process of falling down.

I would have to rely on my testers. These were Dr. Jackie Puhl, a young, vibrant woman with a Ph.D. in exercise physiology from Kent State, who rides a bicycle ten miles every day to her job at the center, and Bob Hintermeister, a lean sprinter type who earned his master's de-

gree in physical education at the University of Massachusetts. Dr. Puhl said, "A lot of what we can offer from here is a kind of support system for your coach so he can get a theoretical optimization of your athletic abilities."

"I don't have a coach," I said.

"Oh."

After a pause, I said, "Maybe I can get a coach after you tell me what it is I can do best."

I spent the rest of the day moving from one instrument to the next. I sat down and pulled at the sawed-off oars of a Concept II Rowing Ergometer. I submitted myself to a Biokinetic Pacer Bench Unit. I performed on a Quinton 18-72 Treadmill, breathing hard into a hose-like attachment called a Gould Programmable Electric Ergometer. At each station, computer screens glowed with figures; print-outs emerged, many with finely etched graphs. I was strapped into the Cybex II Isokinetic Dynamometer to measure the strength of my arms and legs. The Cybex (I was told) can show if an athlete has a muscle imbalance—whether the right leg is stronger than the left, in which case the balance can be redressed with the proper exercises. "This will tell if I tilt when I walk," I said. "Possibly," Bob Hintermeister said.

The first sign of excitement came with a test called the fev 1.0, which measures how much air can be forcefully blown out in one second. Fev 1.0 stands for Forced Expiratory Volume at one second.

"It is really a very sharp curve here," Hintermeister said, looking at the graph. "It's almost as if we... you blew up balloons for a living." He looked at me questioningly. "Well," I said, "I blow up the usual four or five a year. Birthday parties. I'm not much of an expert. I can tell you that the cheaper the balloon the more difficult it is to inflate. The really cheap ones tend to escape the lips and flail around the room. Right?"

One test I missed I wish I hadn't: having some muscle removed to see whether I was a slow or fast twitcher.

The instrument that does this is a cylinder about the size of a large fountain pen. It contains a guillotine-like contraption that, when the needle is inserted under the skin, snips off a piece of muscle so its fibers can be inspected through a microscope. The procedure leaves a small scar, perhaps a centimeter in length, and what is learned in return is whether one has a high percentage of fast-twitch muscle fibers, which means the muscular makeup is suitable for anaerobic activities such as weight lifting and the 100-yd. dash, where gulps of oxygen are not at a premium, or slow-twitch, which suggests one would be better off in aerobic activities, in which lungs full of oxygen are required, such as kayaking or running a marathon.

I wish I had taken the test if only for the scar. A network of scars is always worth having for conversational gambits.

("Got this little one here, can you see it? Trying out for the Olympics.")

At the end of the day Jackie Puhl collected the print-outs and the data sheets and we gathered around a conference table. "Have any patterns emerged?" I asked. "There are," Dr. Puhl was saying "two interesting oddities about your charts." My heart jumped.

"First of all, what is very unusual is that your hamstrings—that is to say, the muscles in the backs of your thighs—are far more powerful than the quadricep muscles in the front, those four muscular bands we call the quads. Very unusual."

"What does that mean?"

"It means that you can kick backward more powerfully than you can kick forward."

"Oh."

"Then your *fev 1.0* test," Dr. Puhl went on, "shows you're very adept at expelling air swiftly. Snorting."

"So I understand from Bob," I said. "But what is all this good for? Does an Olympic event come to mind?"

"This backward kicking motion might come in handy riding a horse," Dr. Puhl said. "Spurring him on." I was going to say that I had not been on a horse since 1975 when Bob Hintermeister said, "It's too bad football isn't on the Olympic agenda. You could kick field goals backward."

Dr. Puhl shuffled her papers and continued. "As for being able to blow out sharply, I just don't know. With swimming, of course, it's helpful to be able to exhale abruptly, but the rest of the tests don't suggest the water's your medium. I'm quite at a loss, frankly."

A friend of mine in New York was ingenious enough to offer an activity that smartly combined both properties. "That combination of kicking backward, pawing at the ground," he said, "and snorting sharply, brings only one thing to mind. And that's the *bullfight*." He paused. "That's where you belong, and it's not the matador I have in mind."

Below, the break dancers were performing in the climactic moments of the closing ceremonies. The athletes were seated on the grass watching them. "Did you know I was tested at the Colorado Training Center to be in the Olympics?" I asked my neighbor. "They were trying to find me a sport so I could be down there lolling about listening to Lionel Richie."

"What did they decide you were qualified to be?" she asked. The fireworks began going off above. "A bull," I said. She looked at me sharply. "That must be quite a testing facility they have out there."

"I'm going back there a couple of months before the Games start in Seoul in 1988. Perhaps they'll find out something... more applicable."

"I'm coming too. Do women pole vault in the Olympics?" she asked, looking down at the field. "I mean I ought to know before they tell me I'm very good at it."

—By George Plimpton



If you're a friend of Jack Daniel's, we hope you'll visit us sometime soon.

WE CAN'T BLAME THE BOYS for having a water fight now and then. If you worked in Jack Daniel's rickyard, you'd start one too.

Looking after a burning hard maple rick is a hot job. But it's one we can't do without. You see, we take the charcoal that results and use it to help smooth out our whiskey.

That's done by seeping it down through huge vats packed tight with this charcoal. Just a taste of Jack Daniel's, we think, and you'll agree it's worth a water fight or two.



CHARCOAL
MELLOWED



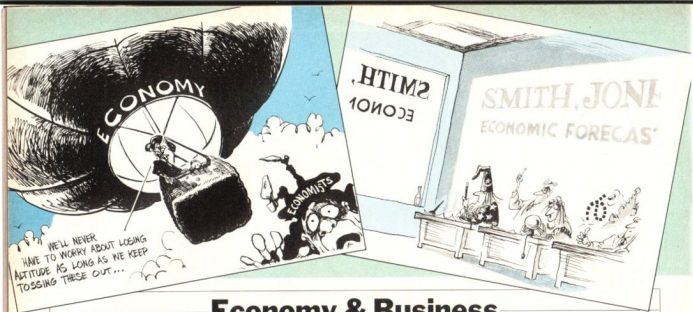
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BY DROP

Tennessee Whiskey • 90 Proof • Distilled and Bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery
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Placed in the National Register of Historic Places by the United States Government.



Economy & Business

The Forecasters Flunk

Poor predictions give once prestigious pundits a dismal reputation

"I'm thinking of quitting and becoming a hockey goalie."

Lawrence Chimerine, chairman of Chase Econometrics, could be speaking for the entire fraternity of economic forecasters. After their failure to foresee the current economic boom, trying to block slap shots might seem like an easier career. Almost with one voice, the experts a year ago predicted moderate growth and a rise in inflation in 1984. They were spectacularly wrong. The U.S. economy has since embarked on a boom that has produced a stronger expansion with steadier prices than at any other time in the past two decades. In the first quarter of this year the gross national product grew at a dazzling 10.1% annual rate, more than twice what the experts had predicted.

Other forecasts have scarcely been better. The economists missed the onset of the 1981-82 recession, the worst downturn since the Great Depression. Then, once the slump arrived, they misjudged both its length and its severity. Now even some professionals have soured on economic predictions. Says Martin Feldstein, who returned to Harvard last month after an embattled 21 months as chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers: "One of the great mistakes of the past 30 years of economic policy has been an excessive belief in the ability to forecast."

Doubts about predictions popped up again last week when the Reagan Administration gave its midyear forecast of the economy and the outlook for the size of

the federal deficit. Guided by figures produced by economists at the Treasury Department, the Office of Management and Budget and the Council of Economic Advisers, the White House estimated that the G.N.P. will grow by 4% annually between now and 1989 and that, as a result, the deficit will shrink from \$174 billion in 1984 to \$162 billion during that period. The G.N.P. projections, though, were so vague and uncertain that Treasury Secretary Donald Regan said, "If you believe them, then you also believe in the tooth fairy. I don't think that anybody can see very clearly for five years." Indeed, the Congressional Budget Office expects the deficit to swell to \$263 billion by the end of the decade.

This kind of professional performance is raising serious questions about the degree to which companies and governments should pay attention to economists at all. "We have often claimed more than we can deliver," concedes Milton Friedman, the 1976 economics Nobel laureate. Partly in view of that, Neconservative Pundit Irving Kristol has argued that the Swedish Royal Academy of Science should stop awarding the Nobel Prize for Economics. Says Economist Lester Thurow of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology: "Economics is no longer in fashion. In the U.S., the public esteem of economists is lower than at any time since World War II."

That is nowhere more true than in the White House, where President Reagan, an economics and sociology major at Illinois' Eureka College, seems to prefer to be

his own economist. Reagan is not bothering to fill the top economic advisory post vacated by Feldstein until after the November election, assuming that he is re-elected. According to Murray Weidenbaum, Feldstein's predecessor, Reagan once asked, "Do we need a Council of Economic Advisers?"

For his part, Democratic Presidential Nominee Walter Mondale has been keeping economists out of the campaign spotlight. He has, however, been quietly consulting a circle of liberal economic thinkers, including Walter Heller, a fellow Minnesotan and the top economic adviser to Presidents Kennedy and Johnson, and George Perry, a senior fellow at Washington's Brookings Institution.

The prestige of economists has also been tumbling among corporations. Robert Lohr, a Bethlehem Steel executive, blames his firm's \$768 million operating losses in 1982-83 partly on "the investments we made because we believed in the boom of 1981 that an economist promised us." AMAX, a major metal mining concern (1983 sales: \$2.4 billion), dug itself an \$879 million hole over the past two years by heeding forecasts of continuing inflation. Those projections led the company to assume that the prices of its copper, molybdenum and other metals would keep rising. Instead, their market value has fallen 50%.

Faced with such debacles, some companies have been trimming the size of their economics staffs. "A lot of capital goods makers got rid of their forecasters," says Pierre Rinfret, a Manhattan eco-

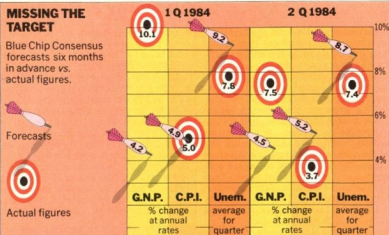
nomic consultant. General Electric (1983 sales: \$27 billion), whose products range from light bulbs to locomotives, has slashed its economics division from about two dozen economists to twelve since 1979. United Technologies (\$17 billion) now has just one economist, while RCA (\$8.9 billion) has had none since 1976.

Whether they work in companies or as consultants, many economists get their predictions from mathematical models of how the U.S. economy is presumed to work. The largest and most powerful models, owned by Chase Econometrics, Data Resources and Wharton Econometrics, contain some 1,000 equations that attempt to predict future business performance on the basis of past developments. The models, for example, look at the effect interest rates have previously had on housing starts and then forecast what would happen if rates go up again. To use the models, economists crank in the latest Government statistics and, Presto!, out comes the future. Clients pay anywhere from \$10,000 to \$30,000 a year for forecasts from those firms, and then often have their own economists evaluate the results.

The only trouble is that the models assume that people will act tomorrow pretty much the way they did yesterday. Yet the public's reaction to economic developments often changes dramatically. A person may save a large chunk of

MISSING THE TARGET

Blue Chip Consensus forecasts six months in advance vs. actual figures.



TIME Chart by Joe Lurbas

income one year when inflation is 12%, but splurge on a new car or a trip to Europe the next time prices are rising that fast. A cautious executive may hesitate to build a new factory, while a more aggressive manager, facing similar conditions, may decide to invest. One reason forecasters missed this year's boom is that they failed to realize how much the recession had dammed up the demand for housing and other items. When good times arrived, people began

spending much faster than expected.

Such oversights have led critics to charge that many forecasters are too preoccupied with mathematics to see what is happening in the real world. Says Consultant Rinfret: "Economists prefer mathematical models because they are elegant and orderly. But markets are never neat and orderly. They are full of surprises." As indeed are people. Wassily Leontief, winner of the 1973 Nobel Prize for Economics, bitterly complains that "econom-

Messiah of the Market

The abysmal forecasting record of the dismal science comes as no surprise to one of its severest in-house critics: Friedrich A. von Hayek, 85, the Austrian-born scholar who won the Nobel Prize for Economics in 1974 and is now enjoying a revival of influence. In Hayek's opinion, economists can observe and describe general patterns that emerge in the marketplace, but cannot make precise predictions about the course of an economy. He told TIME Correspondent Lawrence Malkin, "Not even a computer can keep track of the daily information that is dispersed among hundreds and thousands of people about their real intentions to buy, sell and invest. They signal them through prices. They often won't say what they intend and don't even know themselves until the moment they find out the price is right."

Throughout a long career that has included professorships at the London School of Economics and the University of Chicago, Hayek has deplored colleagues who believe that they have enough information to forecast and manage economic growth. A truer disciple of Adam Smith than most modern economists, he has urged that governments leave the invisible hand of the market in charge, while having laws to protect against abuses by business and the state. He first gained worldwide attention in 1944 with his book *The Road to Serfdom*, an attack on economic planning and socialism.

In the 1960s, when economists thought they could fine-tune growth and employ-

ment, Hayek was dismissed as an eccentric crank. But when stagflation struck Western countries in the 1970s, he became a messiah for growing numbers of conservative economists. Now a professor emeritus at West Germany's University of Freiburg, Hayek receives numerous invitations to lecture in Europe and the U.S.

Hayek's free-market philosophy has influenced the current governments of the U.S., Britain and West Germany. British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher, in particular, is a longtime admirer. Hayek has been invited to Buckingham Palace in October to be made, on Thatcher's recommendation, a Companion of Honor for "services to the study of economics." When Ronald Reagan visited London in 1982, Thatcher introduced him to Hayek. The President said he had come across one of the economist's books and "learned a good deal from it." Hayek, though, has become concerned about the results of Reaganomics. Says he: "The U.S. debt begins to alarm me a little."

Hayek has also been somewhat skeptical of Thatcher's strategy of gradually reducing inflation by curbing the British money supply and government borrowing. After Thatcher was elected in 1979, Hayek urged that she give the economy a swift, sharp squeeze that might boost unemployment to 20% for six months, but would provide quick relief from inflation. Warning against Thatcher's more gradual approach, he said, "you cannot have 10% unemployment for three years. I don't think the government can hold out." But it did. Thatcher is still in power even though British unemployment has been higher than 10% since 1981. Of all people, Hayek should have known better than to forecast.



Hayek enjoys a revival of influence

Economy & Business

ic journals are filled with mathematical formulas leading the reader from sets of more or less plausible but entirely arbitrary assumptions to precisely stated but irrelevant theoretical conclusions." Economists, says Leontief, are "great bores" who operate in "splendid isolation."

The stress on mathematics, which makes a large part of economics incomprehensible to laymen, is a relatively modern development. Adam Smith, David Ricardo and other founding fathers of economics were far more concerned with broad social and political issues than with numerical precision. Says Economist Robert Heilbroner: "They were worldly philosophers who turned out to be great visionaries." But as the discipline developed, the interests of many researchers grew narrower. "We have almost reached the point," says M.I.T.'s Thurow, "where if you can't quantify it, you can't say it."

Mathematical economists have longed to turn their field into an exact science that could predict business developments as precisely as Sir Isaac Newton was able to set down the laws of motion. "Economics inserted itself into the determinist universe of Newton," says Herbert Giersch, director of the Institute for World Economics in West Germany, "in order to gain dignity as a science." That effort has led not only to econometric models but also to elaborate mathematical systems with few practical applications. Last year, Gerard Debreu, a University of California, Berkeley, economist, won the Nobel Prize largely for a purely theoretical description of a perfectly functioning economy.

Perhaps because Americans love gadgets and instant answers, the trend toward mathematical economics has taken hold more firmly in the U.S. than abroad. In Europe, the birthplace of economics, practitioners have more often maintained a philosophical attitude (see box). Says British Economist Samuel Brittan: "I do not think Europeans were ever as credulous, and they have been less impressed by numbers." The prestige of economists has thus sunk as far in the Old World as it has in the U.S., since it was never as high to begin with.

In America, the 1960s were a golden age for economists. The period was relatively free of economic turmoil, and under Heller's tutelage, the Kennedy Administration proposed and the Johnson White House put into effect a tax cut that worked precisely as promised by spurring growth without aggravating inflation. The success of that policy was a striking victory for the theories of John Maynard

Keynes, who held that deficit spending could pump up a slack economy. Johnson later balked at the pleas of his Keynesian advisers to pay for the Viet Nam War with higher taxes in order to keep the economy from overheating and pushing up prices. Nonetheless, so prestigious had Keynes' views become that even Republican President Nixon could declare in 1971, "I am now a Keynesian."

But the woes of the '70s shattered the esteem in which Keynes had been held. Reeling from two energy crises, a severe recession and other shocks, the economy began to behave in ways that the experts had once thought impossible. Most disturbing, high levels of inflation and unem-

outlooks have mostly been too cautious. Says Economist Robert Eggert, who compiles 46 forecasts in his *Blue Chip Economic Indicators*: "The model that would probably work best would be a combination of supply-side, Keynesian and monetarist views. But it exists only in the forecasters' heads."

In the war among economists, conservative thinkers now seem to be ahead. Says Harvard's Feldstein: "All mainstream practitioners are more monetarist, more supply-side oriented, and less Keynesian today than they used to be." Still, Nobel Economics Laureate James Tobin, an outspoken Keynesian, can persuasively describe the current boom as

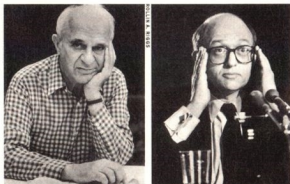
mainly a result of deficit spending. Far from being a supply-side victory, he says, the recovery represents "an accidental and classic Keynesian dose of fiscal and monetary stimuli."

But for all their conflicts, economists still share a surprisingly large number of views. "Our disagreements have actually become much smaller," says Friedman, the leader of the monetarist school. Virtually all economists espouse free trade, and most would analyze a wide range of policy prescriptions in similar ways.

Forecasters also like to point out that while people may remember bad predictions, they tend to forget the times when projections have been right. Lawrence Klein, winner of the 1980 Nobel Prize for pioneering the development of modern econometric models, is proud of his Wharton forecasts. They correctly predicted that the 1973 Arab oil embargo would result in a recession and higher inflation, and that the 1981 tax cuts would swell the federal budget deficit far beyond Government estimates. Says Klein: "At least econometric models can give you a quick on-line response to any major event like an embargo or a change in fiscal and monetary policy."

Critics concede that forecasting has its place. "Whether we like it or not," Spanish Philosopher Ortega y Gasset once wrote, "human life is a constant preoccupation with the future." Indeed, though bad predictions have hurt companies like AMAX, its chairman, Pierre Gousseland, still believes in trying to look ahead. Says he: "Economists are as essential to conducting your business as meteorologists are for anticipating weather patterns. The alternative would be flying blind." But even when the weatherman forecasts sunshine, a cautious person may take along an umbrella. Executives should be no less skeptical when listening to their economists. —By John Greenwald.

Reported by Frederick Ungeheuer/New York



Blue Chip's Eggert, top, Nobel Laureate Leontief, left, and Feldstein
"Human life is a constant preoccupation with the future."

Keynesian prescriptions seemed only to make that malady worse.

The troubled decade left U.S. economists in brawling disarray. The monetarists, who stress the importance of gradual growth of the money supply to a sound economy, and Keynesians set up a clamor of conflicting claims. Members of the rational-expectations school argued that deficit spending could not work over the long run. And a small but vocal group of economists known as supply-siders called loudly for incentives to save and produce.

To add to the confusion, each school makes use of economic models that reflect its pet theories. Some supply-side predictions have been overly bullish, for example, while the Keynesian and monetarist

A Red Face for the Red Baron

Financial Corporation of America stumbles

Charles Knapp, chairman of California's huge Financial Corporation of America (assets: \$32.7 billion), was sporting a new tan from a sailing vacation in the Caribbean last week, but what he had to say at a hastily called Los Angeles press conference contrasted sharply with his relaxed appearance. Under pressure from the Securities and Exchange Commission, Knapp explained, F.C.A. was adjusting its earnings report to show a second-quarter loss of \$107.5 million instead of the \$31.1 million profit announced earlier. The dispute with the SEC was a technical argument concerning the manner in which the company reported sales of Government mortgage securities.

But that was only part of the bad news that has been jolting F.C.A. The company, which is the parent of American Savings & Loan Association, the largest U.S. thrift institution, may be facing liquidity problems. Last month institutional investors, worried by the company's lower earnings and regulatory problems, withdrew \$1.4 billion in deposits, forcing F.C.A. to borrow emergency funds from the Federal Home Loan Bank in San Francisco. Coming just three weeks after the \$4.5 billion federal bailout of Chicago's Continental Illinois Bank, the troubles at F.C.A. were particularly unsettling to financial circles. After Knapp's press conference last week, the Dow Jones industrial average dipped more than 15 points. F.C.A., the most heavily traded stock of the day, was the biggest loser, falling 2 1/4 points to 5. A year ago it was 37.

F.C.A. has sailed into rough waters almost as suddenly as it rose to prominence. Starting with a small California thrift with assets of \$390 million, Knapp, 49, built up the financial institution to its present size in less than ten years. Last year the Los Angeles-based corporation gobbled up California's First Charter Financial, doubling its assets in one stroke. At the end of 1983 F.C.A. proudly boasted a 600% increase in earnings, to \$172.5 million, or \$5.13 per share.

A pilot who likes to restore vintage aircraft in his spare time, Knapp enjoyed being known as the Red Baron of the S & L industry. His biggest mistake was to gamble heavily that interest rates would fall. While other S & Ls hedged their bets by offering homeowners variable-rate mortgages, Knapp aggressively marketed fixed-rate mortgages at about 12.5% in the expectation of making big profits when interest rates fell. Instead, they rose slightly in the second quarter, putting the squeeze on F.C.A. To make matters worse, Knapp had permitted large institutional investments, many of which have deposits that exceed the \$100,000 limit on accounts insured by the Federal Savings



Knapp: bad news bearer



& Loan Insurance Corporation, to make up some 49% of the company's total deposit base. As Knapp's mortgage strategy soured, institutional investors began to flee, fearful about the safety of their uninsured deposits. The size of their investments made these departures costly.

The situation at F.C.A. could become critical during the next month, as \$15 billion in the company's certificates of deposit comes due. If all that money is not reinvested, the company may find itself in serious trouble. Said a senior Treasury Department official last week: "We're watching it very, very closely. We're deeply concerned." F.C.A. is not alone among S & Ls in a bind. Since the beginning of the year, Government regulators have forced nine failing S & Ls to merge with larger institutions. ■

Street Smarts

Tips from a top dealmaker

When Mark McCormack, a well-known business manager of sports figures and a self-made millionaire, gave guest lectures at Harvard Business School in the late 1960s, he sensed in the students' questions an academic naivete about business. He thought they needed "street smarts." Now McCormack has helped out by writing *What They Don't Teach You at Harvard Business School* (Bantam; \$15.95), a potpourri of tips for anyone who works for a company, runs one or wants to.

A lawyer who started out in 1960 as Arnold Palmer's manager, McCormack, 53, created the International Management Group, a worldwide complex of twelve companies that expects revenues of more than \$200 million this year. IMG counsels

FORTUNE 500 companies on merchandising strategies and manages the business affairs of athletes and other celebrities. Some of McCormack's clients: Tennis Stars Martina Navratilova and Chris Evert Lloyd, Ski Champ Jean-Claude Killy, baseball's Jim Rice, and Hank Ketcham, the creator of *Dennis the Menace*. Officials of the Wimbledon and U.S. Open tennis tournaments rely on McCormack to negotiate for them with television networks, and his firm has already been hired as a television consultant by the organizing committees of the 1988 Calgary and Seoul Olympics. When Pope John Paul II visited Britain in 1982, IMG was enlisted to control the merchandising of souvenirs.

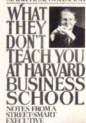
McCormack's book emphasizes that businessmen must be able to "read" people, to find out if they are secure or uptight, honest or treacherous. McCormack says that a person reveals a lot in the way he treats a waiter at a business lunch, decorates his office or even plays a round of golf. Look out for someone who thinks that any putt of 6 ft. or less is a "gimme." The person may take that "gimme" attitude into a business relationship.

The book's strongest sections cover the arts of selling and negotiating. McCormack's skills in these areas are both revered and reviled: in skiing circles he was once dubbed "the abominable snow-job man." A negotiator, says McCormack, should give in on minor points to soften up the opposition and ease the way for winning the important issues. Use silence as a stratagem, he urges. If a negotiator holds his tongue, the opposition may find the silence uncomfortable and volunteer information or make new concessions.

McCormack gives detailed advice on how executives can save time. He says that a manager should rarely accept a phone call. That would interrupt his work flow. Instead, he should return the call at a convenient time. McCormack considers most staff meetings unproductive. Says he: "If more than four or five people are in attendance, decision making is probably next to impossible."

The book is sprinkled with lively anecdotes drawn from McCormack's experiences, from playing tennis against Bjorn Borg to convincing André Heineiger, managing director of Rolex, that his company should be a Wimbledon sponsor. To illustrate the importance of research and learning from mistakes, McCormack writes of an episode in which he tried to sell John De Lorean, then head of General Motors' Pontiac division, on a new promotional campaign tied to the company's Indian-head logo. De Lorean's bemused response: "Mark, you really researched the hell out of us. Pontiac's just spent \$3 million getting rid of the Indian-head symbol and developing a new logo." ■

MARK H. MCCORMACK



Business Notes

BANKRUPTCIES

Belly Up in Hungary

Last week's announcement read like the obituary of any failed company. Because of falling demand, lagging technology and tough competition, IGV, a business-machine and precision-tool manufacturer, was going bankrupt. The difference was that IGV is based in Budapest, and the liquidation was ordered by Hungary's Minister of Industry. It was perhaps the first admitted bankruptcy ever in the East bloc.

In theory, bankruptcy, like unemployment, ought to be impossible in a Communist country, where the means of production are controlled by the state. But Hungary has been tampering with Marxist economic dogma since 1968, and it now permits the existence of privately run restaurants and other small businesses. In April, further reforms were approved to make Hungarian products more competitive in Western markets.

IGV had been foundering for some time. The blunt, bureaucratic notice of bankruptcy placed responsibility on officials directing the firm. Said the report: "The company could not adjust to the new conditions as its organization and management were not of the required quality." IGV's plants will now be sold or reorganized and absorbed by other companies. Most of the 1,300 workers need not worry about unemployment. According to the Ministry of Industry, they will be offered new jobs.

GOVERNMENT FINANCE

Carrots for Foreign Investors



Secretary Regan

In financing its \$175 billion budget deficit, the U.S. Government has relied heavily on foreign investors. To attract investment from abroad, Congress passed a law two months ago that eliminated the 30% withholding tax that foreigners had been paying on interest from American securities. Overseas banks and other institutions have been major buyers of U.S. Treasury bills, notes and bonds. Many individual foreigners, however, have been reluctant to buy Treasury bonds because they must supply their names and addresses when investing. Europeans, in particular, have long preferred making investments anonymously to avoid the scrutiny of tax collectors. Last week Treasury Secretary Donald Regan announced that his department would issue a new type of security available only to foreigners. Overseas buyers of the new bonds would not have to identify themselves to the U.S. Government.

A securities dealer who sells one of the bonds must certify to the Treasury that it was not bought by a U.S. investor. That is a safeguard to prevent Americans from dodging taxes by buying the new bonds through a foreign dealer. Asked how the Treasury would make sure dealers were telling the truth, Regan said, "We have ways to check. We don't wish to reveal our many secrets."

COMMUNICATIONS

Sorry, Right Number

What could be more useful for, say, an insurance salesman or an executive recruiter than a major corporation's internal telephone book, complete with direct-dial access and perhaps even everyone's home number? Manhattan Businessman Steven Olsen, 24, thinks there may be gold in them thar numbers. In November his Corporate Information Services will begin selling the directories of 250 companies as a package.

The prospective sale of such in-house information upsets some firms. Said Robert Stovall, director of investment policy for

the Wall Street firm Dean Witter Reynolds, whose directory will probably be offered: "It's an invitation to subject our employees to unwanted solicitations. The book wasn't prepared for some parasite to grab it and sell it." Dean Witter considers its directory to be proprietary information, and may copyright it to protect it further. Bank of America already did that last year to stop CIS from selling the bank's phone book for \$60.

The company intends to press ahead anyway. "It's what the system demands," says Chairman Sheldon Copeland. But while CIS busies itself getting other people's phone numbers, it protects itself against prying by having an unlisted number of its own.

PROMOTIONS

Sears Taps a Salesman

Edward Brennan went to work for Sears, Roebuck in 1956 as a salesman in the men's clothing department of the Madison, Wis., store. But he was not the kind of person who would spend much time amid shirts and socks. Last week Brennan became Sears' president, chief operating officer and heir apparent to Chairman Edward R. Telling, 65, who is due to retire in December 1985. As head of the large merchandising group for the past four years, Brennan, 50, developed the successful strategy for sprucing up Sears' stodgy image by introducing new store designs and more big-name labels. He traveled the country, popping into stores and giving pep talks to local managers. As a result of Brennan's innovative moves, Sears' retail sales have gone from slump to boom.

The son of a Sears buyer, Brennan was the youngest of three contenders for the job of president. That had been expected to be a handicap at sometimes conservative Sears, but two towering figures in Sears' history, Julius Rosenwald and General Robert Wood, were younger than Brennan when they took over. To help celebrate the occasion, Telling ordered out for a no-frills Sears executive lunch. The menu: pepperoni-and-sausage pizza.



Edward Brennan

ADVERTISING

Thinking Small and Winning Big

Volkswagen's Beetle became history's bestselling automobile in 1972 when its sales reached 15,007,340 and passed the mark set by Henry Ford's pioneering Model T. Small wonder. The bug was backed by what a panel of judges assembled by *Advertising Age* magazine last week called the best American ad campaign since World War II. Created by Doyle Dane Bernbach, VW's ads ran from 1959 to 1972.

The ads brought wit, intelligence and self-effacing humor to auto advertising, up to then dull and staid. One featured the line "Think small," which was heresy in the days when Detroit was building gigantic gas guzzlers. Another showed a VW partially submerged in water, and proud owners began to brag, "It floats." In 1969, in celebration of the first U.S. manned moon landing, VW ran a picture of the lunar-excursion module with the caption: "It's ugly, but it gets you there."

Other top campaigns picked by *Ad Age's* panel: Leo Burnett's program for Marlboro cigarettes ("Come to where the flavor is"), McCann-Erickson's efforts for Alka-Seltzer ("Try it, you'll like it"), and Doyle Dane's campaign for Avis ("We try harder").





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AT&T

Law

The Gritty Battle for Beach Access

From sea to shining sea, sunbathers vs. property owners

A year after Hurricane Alicia walloped the Texas coast around Galveston last summer, the storm has not entirely abated. Having weathered natural disaster, some 140 beachfront-property owners are facing an even worse legal catastrophe. Texas law gives the public the right to use all the beach in the corridor between the sea at low tide and the natural vegetation line. The violent winds and rain of Hurricane Alicia tore away such large chunks of land that private, \$100,000 homes are no longer sitting on privately controlled property. When officials moved in to claim the land for sunbathers and fishermen and to require that some of the houses be abandoned without any state compensation, the homeowners' wrath easily matched that of Alicia. A maelstrom of lawsuits is still raging.

Such beach battles are by no means unusual. From sea to shin-

ing sea, landlocked citizens are asserting their losses from the ever-changing sea, but not from the ever-changing state. In California, the state coastal commission ruled in 1977 that when owners build or rebuild sea walls to protect their property from erosion, all land seaward of the embankments is automatically opened to public access. In 1979 a Ventura County community called Whalers' Village built a revetment and fought the public-access rule. A local court found the requirement unconstitutional in 1983 because it was "the taking of private property without paying just compensation." The ruling is being appealed. "The government is giving these people a Hobson's choice," says Whalers' Village Attorney Charles Greenberg. "Allow your homes to be destroyed or open up your backyard to the public." Santa Monica Attorney Sherman Stacey, who is bringing a similar suit, argues, "If the state wants to improve public access, why doesn't it buy the property and impose the cost on all the taxpayers?"

One reason: it is too expensive. On Nantucket Island, Mass., an innovative approach to that problem



Tread not, warn signs from New Jersey ...

... and Massachusetts on the East Coast ...

ing sea, landlocked citizens are asserting their losses from the ever-changing sea, but not from the ever-changing state. In California, the state coastal commission ruled in 1977 that when owners build or rebuild sea walls to protect their property from erosion, all land seaward of the embankments is automatically opened to public access. In 1979 a Ventura County community called Whalers' Village built a revetment and fought the public-access rule. A local court found the requirement unconstitutional in 1983 because it was "the taking of private property without paying just compensation." The ruling is being appealed. "The government is giving these people a Hobson's choice," says Whalers' Village Attorney Charles Greenberg. "Allow your homes to be destroyed or open up your backyard to the public." Santa Monica Attorney Sherman Stacey, who is bringing a similar suit, argues, "If the state wants to improve public access, why doesn't it buy the property and impose the cost on all the taxpayers?"

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... and Massachusetts on the East Coast ...

open to the public, these courts have held, they must remain so. In Hawaii a tough law forced even the Mauna Kea Beach Hotel, one of the world's poshest resorts, to build an access path to the beach for the public. The hotel, however, has reduced the flow of ordinary tourists by charging high parking fees. Such indirect attempts to limit beachgoing crowds are common. Resort towns often impose parking restrictions and stiff bridges and beach tolls for nonresidents. But these too are being attacked. In Florida this month, Governor Bob Graham authorized local officials in St. Augustine to press a lawsuit challenging beach tolls.

The beach legal wars are largely an outgrowth of rapid coastline development. In Texas, for instance, there was little protest from landowners when the Open Beaches Act was passed in 1959, because at that time the Texas Gulf Coast was sparsely developed. Widespread construction of private homes, hotels and high-rise condominiums has come only in the past ten or 15 years. The new objections, in the wake of Hurricane Alicia, are nothing but "the arrogance of affluence," says Assistant Attorney General Ken Cross. "Building on a beachfront is a gamble with nature. When they take that gamble and put their money down, they should be prepared to risk losing it."

Some beachfront dwellers accept their losses from the ever-changing sea, but not from the ever-changing state. In California, the state coastal commission ruled in 1977 that when owners build or rebuild sea walls to protect their property from erosion, all land seaward of the embankments is automatically opened to public access. In 1979 a Ventura County community called Whalers' Village built a revetment and fought the public-access rule. A local court found the requirement unconstitutional in 1983 because it was "the taking of private property without paying just compensation." The ruling is being appealed. "The government is giving these people a Hobson's choice," says Whalers' Village Attorney Charles Greenberg. "Allow your homes to be destroyed or open up your backyard to the public." Santa Monica Attorney Sherman Stacey, who is bringing a similar suit, argues, "If the state wants to improve public access, why doesn't it buy the property and impose the cost on all the taxpayers?"

One reason: it is too expensive. On Nantucket Island, Mass., an innovative approach to that problem



... to sunny Malibu on the Pacific

is a 2% tax on all real estate sales, the funds to be used to buy back the beaches for the public. But most states are not obliged to pay for what is viewed as a longstanding public right. That may be true even in Maine, which is still governed to some extent by a 17th century grant from the King of England that gave away huge tracts of coastal land, including the beaches, to encourage settlement. How the King's law now applies will be decided by the Maine courts in a case involving public access to a prime stretch of coastline called Moody Beach. Assistant Attorney General Paul Stern, for one, believes that the courts "will decide that the public has the right to use the state beaches rather than preserving them for essentially the privileged classes. Why shouldn't a mill worker from Lisbon Falls be able to use the beaches?" he asks. The legal tide seems to be going his way. —By Michael S. Sorrell. Reported by Adam Cohen/Boston and Lianne Hart/Houston

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Video



Jones and Lange in a scene of marital crisis: no sinking in Southern quicksand

"Maggie the Cat Is Alive!"

CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF; Showtime; August and September

Actors, like rock-'n'-roll singers, find something irresistible about a Southern accent. Those languid, drawing syllables just seem to make emotions sound bigger. That may be the least of the reasons why Tennessee Williams' plays have endured, but in the opening minutes of Showtime's new production of *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, it is the most obvious. (The production, part of the network's "Broadway on Showtime" series, premiered on Sunday and will repeat this Wednesday and on several dates next week and next month.) Jessica Lange, who stars as Maggie the Cat, leaps into her syrupy, Scarlett O'Hara cadences like an eight-year-old sloshing around in a mud puddle: "One of the no-neck *mahn*-stubs messed up mah *luv*-ly lace dress." O.K., folks, one can almost hear her say, just watch me act.

And act she does. If Lange initially seems in danger of sinking in Southern quicksand, she soon gains her footing and brings one of Williams' most memorable roles to stunning life. Prancing, preening, snarling from a half-crouch that is alternately seductive and menacing, she is constantly in motion. "Maggie the Cat is alive!" she shrieks, and one has no trouble believing her. If there were still any doubts after her performance in the movie *Frances*, Lange here serves notice that she is an actress to be reckoned with.

Maggie, of course, is a focal point for one of Williams' perfervid, evocative (if dramatically a bit clumsy) explorations of Southern familial passions. Her husband Brick has taken to the bottle and thrown her out of bed in dependency over the death of his best friend and the specter of his own homosexuality. Their marital crisis reaches a boil at the birthday party of

Brick's father, "Big Daddy" Pollitt, who is unaware that he is dying of cancer. The illness has drawn his other son, Gooper, and daughter-in-law to the family mansion to try to win first place in line for his estate—"Twenty-eight thousand acres," as Big Daddy boasts, "of the richest land outside of the Valley Nile."

Interestingly, the production restores part of Williams' original final act and dispenses with some of the changes that Director Elia Kazan urged upon the playwright for the Broadway production. The net effect is to retain the beefed-up dimensions of Maggie and Big Daddy from Broadway, but to leave Brick, at the end, a little more stuck in what Williams describes as a "state of spiritual disrepair."

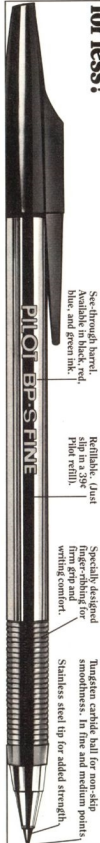
Otherwise, Director Jack Hofsis (who staged *The Elephant Man*) has done little more than transfer the play cleanly to the small screen and keep our eyes riveted on the performers. In this case, that is enough. Though Tommy Lee Jones, as Brick, lacks the brooding charisma of Paul Newman in the 1958 movie version, he provides a rare sight: a Brick who actually looks and talks like the ex-football player he is supposed to be. (Jones was an all-Ivy, all-East offensive guard at Harvard in the 1960s.) Kim Stanley (who played Maggie in the 1958 London production of *Cat*) makes Big Mama a more sympathetically human figure than one has a right to expect. Only Rip Torn, as Big Daddy, seems miscast. He has the bluster but not the bombast of the aging tycoon, and his Southern accent contains a trace of irony that seems to emanate from the actor, not the character. This is a Medium-Size Daddy at best. Still, the play, and Lange, tower above the rest of an arid summer's TV offerings.

—By Richard Zoglin

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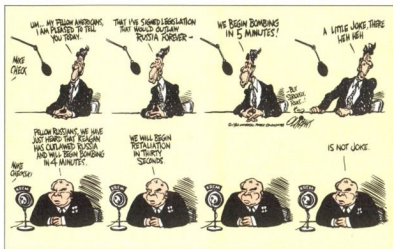
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Press



BY BOB SCHUCHMAN

On and Off the Record

Reporters wrestle with rules for attribution

An DeVroy of the Gannett News Service was in Santa Barbara with much of the rest of the White House press corps when word began to circulate that President Reagan had joked about bombing the Soviet Union while testing his microphone for a radio speech. Two TV networks, CBS and Cable News Network, had the quip on tape but felt obliged not to air it because of a longstanding agreement with other broadcasters that Reagan's warmup sessions were off the record. As a print reporter, however, DeVroy was under no such constraint. After hunting down what Reagan had said, she consulted with her editors and they sent the item out on the Gannett wire. Within a day the story was being carried by every major news organization, including the two networks that had it to begin with but felt free to use it only after someone else had broken the off-the-record boundary.

A day later, debate over reportorial rules extended to the Democratic nominee, Walter Mondale. Bowing to pressure from some journalists, and over the objections of others, he dropped a proviso that activities aboard his plane must be kept off the record. The impact was immediate: when Mondale complained to an aide about his difficulties with Jesse Jackson, he was overheard by a reporter and his remarks were published nationwide.

New York Times Columnist William Safire joined the debate last Thursday by declining, in print, an invitation to have drinks with Reagan and a few other journalists in the Oval Office. That session too was to be off the record, a practice that Safire described in a column as "a pernicious conspiracy to protect candidates for high office that entices reporters to become insiders and leaves the public out-

side." The conservative Safire, who has generally supported Reagan, added: "I want my questions answered by an alert and experienced politician, prepared to be grilled and quoted—not my hand held by an old smoothie."

Those events last week may have been signs that reporters are beginning to flex their muscles after a relatively sedate primary season. But they also reflected an

Forms of Speech

Ground rules for conversation between reporters and sources come in commonly accepted categories:

On the record means that everything said can be used, and the speaker can be quoted by name.

Not for attribution and on background are used to mean that a source's comments can be quoted, but he or she must not be directly identified; the speaker may be described in such phrases as "a top White House aide," or "a high State Department official" or, in extreme cases, "one observer."

On deep background, pioneered by Henry Kissinger, means that whatever the reporter uses cannot be linked to a source at all, but must be asserted on the journalist's own authority.

Off the record material cannot be used in any form, except to guide a reporter's thinking, although that agreement sometimes is breached if a story becomes public or the journalist finds other sources who will attest to it.

age-old controversy over who controls the flow of news. Politicians, particularly during campaigns, structure their schedules to communicate carefully chosen messages. Reporters rightly insist on making their own judgments about news rather than merely being conduits for what politicians want publicized.

Mondale's off-the-record rule, although unusual in a national campaign, had been in effect since he ran for Vice President in 1976, and was sternly enforced this year: reporters who wanted to use his remarks on the plane sought clearance, and a news photographer was barred from further travel after taking pictures without permission. One of Mondale's concerns, aides said, was to avoid being photographed smoking a cigar or sipping an occasional glass of Scotch. Journalists complied, even though the money they pay for their seats helps the campaign book larger, faster planes. Many actually support such ground rules, because they enable reporters to talk to a candidate informally and prevent the plane from turning into a jostling, camera-dominated flying press conference.

Reporters generally honor commitments to keep matters off the record or on background. When a remark is considered particularly newsworthy and the ground rules are ambiguous, it becomes a judgment call; reporters went public when Jesse Jackson referred to Jews as "Hy-mies." Of late, journalists have wondered whether they were too ready to agree to off-the-record arrangements, particularly in campaign coverage. The New York Times, which did not publicly challenge Mondale's rules during the primaries, helped force the change for the general-election campaign. Said Executive Editor A.M. Rosenthal: "We cannot accept a blanket off-the-record edict on the coverage of a presidential candidate." CBS News President Edward Joyce last week informed his correspondents that he will review all existing arrangements. Said a CBS spokesman: "We will evaluate each candidate's request separately, and our policy will vary."

Mondale's running mate, Geraldine Ferraro, stuck to her rule that activities aboard her smaller and less private campaign plane must be kept off the record. New York Times Reporter Jane Perlez, among others, said she would not agree to such guidelines, leaving Ferraro aides pondering the impasse. Ferraro echoed a common complaint among politicians, that campaign-plane reporters live in a hothouse atmosphere and tend to focus on gaffes more than a candidate's main points. Said Ferraro: "I do not want the lid lifted off this plane. I can't spend the entire campaign trip explaining silly, off-the-cuff remarks." —By William A. Henry III. Reported by Sam Allis, with Mondale, and Kathleen Brady/New York

People

They could have been married in the Rose Garden, but Actress **Patti Davis**, 31, and Yoga Instructor **Paul Grilley**, 25, preferred the politically neutral turf of Los Angeles' Hotel Bel Air. Except for eschewing a White House extravaganza, however, Davis, who has occasionally vexed her father with liberal views on premarital sex and marijuana, opted for a traditional wedding. **Ronald** and **Nancy Reagan** came down from their ranch near Santa Barbara to give away the bride

Lapan, or chief, and promptly crowned with a dog's-tooth headpiece containing a beaded Union Jack. The Prince thereupon declared in Melanesian pidgin English: "*Wuroh, wuroh, wuroh, all man meri bilong Manus.*" Translation: "Thank you, all men and women of Manus." Well, what else could he say?

"I've only seen the extremes of America, either New York or Los Angeles. I've nev-



Sticking to tradition: the newlyweds with Grilleys, left, and Reagans

and meet their daughter's new in-laws, **Terrence** and **Donna Grilley**. While 134 guests looked on (and 180 police and federal agents looked out), the couple exchanged vows and gold bands, hers studded with five diamonds. Afterward, the President toasted the newlyweds, saying, "May they know this kind of joy for the rest of their lives."

The Windsors' attic must be quite a sight. Consider only the old hats **Prince Charles**, 35, must have tossed up there. At one public moment or another, he has gamely donned a cowboy hat and an Indian head-dress. Just returned from a four-day visit to the Commonwealth state of Papua New Guinea, Charles has of course acquired yet another item for his collection of ethnic headgear. Upon his arrival at the tropical island of Manus, Charles was officially named

er been in what I call 'real America' before," said **Glenda Jackson**, 48, from the heartland. This week the English stage and film star finishes a four-week stint in Scranton, Pa., where she has been trying out one of her most challenging roles—that of university



The painted word: Grass at work on a clay bas-relief sculpture



Prince Charles in New Guinea: headgear fit for a future head of state

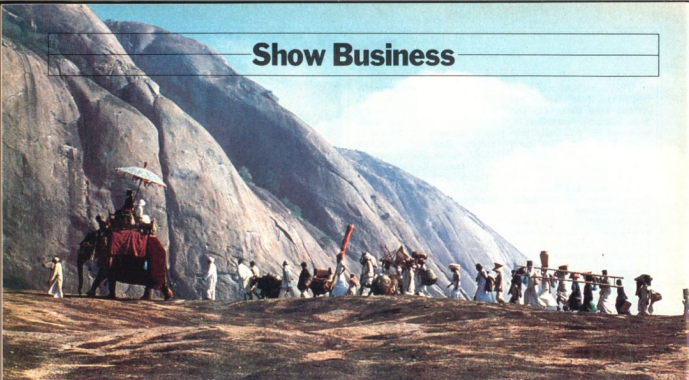


Professor Jackson in Scranton

professor. Accompanied by her son Daniel, 15, Jackson has been on a working vacation at the Jesuit-run University of Scranton, teaching a master class in acting for a hand-picked group of twelve students from throughout the U.S. She has her charges reading from Shakespeare's sonnets and Dylan Thomas' *Under Milk Wood*, using the accents of small-town America, and says, "That works out fine."

His gift for vivid images helped make his post-World War II epic *The Tin Drum* into an international classic, but most of his literary fans will be surprised to learn that the talent of German Author **Günter Grass**, 56, is not limited to the printed word. A major retrospective of Grass's visual art—80 etchings, 43 lithographs, 96 drawings and 27 sculptures—has been put together for the first time in Darmstadt. In addition to seeing the fish, snails and cooks that inhabit his earlier books, exhibition visitors who ponder his clay *Tablets* will get an advance glimpse of the author's next novel, *The Rat*, set in the spiritually and politically divided Germany of the 1950s. While it may seem unusual to get a preview of a new book in a museum, Grass sees no contradiction. Says he: "I am always drawing—even when I am not drawing—because then I am writing." —**By Gay D. Garcia**

Show Business



An exotic procession: "Lean found that extraordinary mountain. It looks like an elephant, like an elephant's skin"

Meeting of Two Masters

Sir David Lean and Lord Snowdon take aim at *A Passage to India*

Last winter in Bangalore, India, a pair of Englishmen stood peering through camera lenses. Two more Westerners squinting into viewfinders—nothing new to India. But these were no tourists out for holiday views of the East. One was Sir David Lean, director of *Lawrence of Arabia* and *Doctor Zhivago*, shooting his first film in 14 years, an adaptation of E.M. Forster's *A Passage to India*. A few yards away was Lord Snowdon, the photographer who expelled posture and plumage from celebrity portraits, arching for shots of the cast and crew. Amid a tumble of elephants, microphones and turbaned extras, Lean channeled the action into a flowing river of film, while Snowdon fished for moments of the witty and sublime.

Sequestered now in a cutting room near London, Lean slices his \$17.5 million project to an epic but watchable 2½ hours, set for mid-December release. A few miles away, Snowdon contemplates his shots of those days in India. Lean is often called a craftsman, so who better to capture him at work than Snowdon, a no-nonsense photographer who shuns talk of art, but finds artful inflections in the vernacular of professional picture taking? "It's so pretentious when people talk about photography," he says. "All that about composition and whatever. Just

press the button and get on with it."

A nice modesty, but hardly the whole story for a famously exacting and industrious camera artist. On the set he was up by dawn, boiling a hasty egg in his coffee ("The egg doesn't know whether it's in water or coffee") and hustling to take advantage of the powdery light of early morning. Says he: "The only reason Turner was a better painter than

the others was that he got up earlier."

Snowdon traveled to India at the request of the film's producers, John Brabourne and Richard Goodwin. He had photographed some of their Agatha Christie projects (*Murder on the Orient Express*, *Death on the Nile*, and *Evil Under the Sun*), and jumped at the chance to work with Lean. On the set he was free to wander, plucking shots of the 235 crew members and a cast that includes Dame Peggy Ashcroft, James Fox, Judy (*My Brilliant Career*) Davis, Indian Actor Victor Banerjee and, of course, Sir Alec Guinness. Guinness's career has been entwined with Lean's since the 1940s, when he was featured in the director's memorable ad-



The crew floats along Dal Lake; inset, Lean, a "powerful, hawklike face"

aptations of Dickens' *Great Expectations* and *Oliver Twist*. "Alec is a great man," is Snowdon's simple judgment. "The great ones have impeccable manners. They arrive on time; they speak to everyone. It's the other kind who are rude. You find that the crew will quickly sort people out."

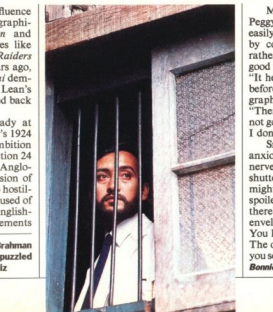
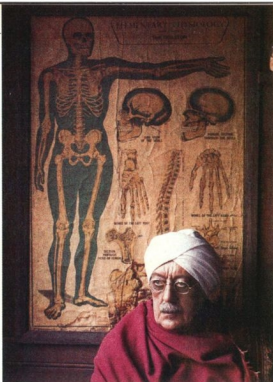
Snowdon appreciates that kind of graciousness. "It's agony going on a film set the first time," he says. "You pray you are going to see somebody you know. It's exactly like going back to school for the first day." On the set of *Passage* he faced an additional hurdle, his daunting regard for the director: "The first two days in Bangalore I didn't want to talk to Lean. I was in such awe I wanted to fade into the background."

That is something Snowdon can never quite manage, although the spotlight attending his 18-year marriage to Britain's Princess Margaret (they were divorced in 1978) has sometimes left in shadow his achievements as a photographer, documentary maker and designer of things ranging from chairmobiles for the handicapped to the London Zoo's Snowdon Aviary. Despite the divorce, his relations with the royal family remain sporting, as demonstrated by his much praised official portrait of the Prince and Princess of Wales with Prince William. Lithe and hale at 54, he lives in London's South Kensington with his second wife, Lucy Lindsay-Hogg, and their daughter Frances.

By comparison, Lean has been less visible lately. His last film, *Ryan's Daughter*, a 1970 romance set during the Irish uprising of 1916, failed with critics and ticket buyers, and his spectacular career went into abeyance for a while. Even so, his influence was there, in grand-manner biographical dramas like *Young Winston* and *Reds*, and exotic-locale adventures like *The Wind and the Lion* and even *Raiders of the Lost Ark*. And only two years ago, Sir Richard Attenborough's *Gandhi* demonstrated that the audience for Lean's brand of film making could be lured back to the box office.

By that time Lean was already at work on *Passage*. Bringing Forster's 1924 novel to the screen has been his ambition since seeing a London stage production 24 years ago. In Forster's lament for Anglo-Indian relations, the mutual abrasion of colonized and colonizer sparks into hostility when a Muslim physician is accused of attempting the rape of a young Englishwoman. Right there are the elements

From top to bottom: Guinness as the Brahmin Professor Godbole; Davis as the puzzled Adela; Banerjee as the accused Dr. Aziz



of Lean's best-known films: the East-West clash of cultures that animated *The Bridge on the River Kwai* and *Lawrence of Arabia*; the background of percolating rebellion that was the setting for *Doctor Zhivago* and *Ryan's Daughter*; the intersection of personal dilemma and historical conflict that invigorated *In Which We Serve* and *The Sound Barrier*.

Likewise, it was a project that gave Snowdon opportunity for the thoughtful celebrity portraiture that is his forte. He relishes Lean's "powerful, hawklike face" and views even casting with a portraitist's eye. The role of Dr. Aziz, the Muslim physician played by Banerjee, could never have gone to an English actor, he maintains: "It's easier for an older character to be played by an actor of another nationality; the faces are not that different. But the young Aziz had to be played by an Indian."

Snowdon likes to work in peace, away from the set. He disdains taking the same shots that the movie cameras are getting, and the visual clutter is too much for a man who prefers chase and deliberate backgrounds. (His shot of Guinness before an anatomy chart inspires him to an aphorism: "A background has to be just this side of being something, and just the other side of being nothing.") But even when he whisks them away, he likes his actor-subjects to stay, if not in character, then in the mood of the characters they play. Make sure that Guinness brings Professor Godbole's spectacles. For Judy Davis, a shadow backdrop of hands that suggests Adela's weightless and wavering notion of India. And drape a python around the neck of Dame Peggy because "Mrs. Moore might have done it!"

Mrs. Moore might have, but Dame Peggy did, and why not? Actors are more easily bruised by unflattering light than by coiling reptiles. They find pythons rather less menacing than cameras, and a good photographer approaches with care. "It helps if you have photographed them before," says Snowdon, who has photographed just about everybody before. "Then they know you; they know you are not going to show them at a disadvantage. I don't want to take an unkind picture."

Snowdon has his own reasons to be anxious with this kind of work, and his nerves don't relax with the last click of the shutter. There is still the fear that the film might get lost, ruined by airport X rays, spoiled in the laboratory. Worst of all, there's "the dread of opening the brown envelope when the pictures come back. You know they are not going to be good. The only time you like a picture is before you see it." —By Richard Lacayo. Reported by Bonnie Angelo/London

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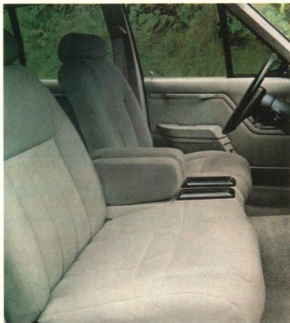
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Books

A Most Famous Anthropologist

MARGARET MEAD: A LIFE by Jane Howard; Simon & Schuster; 527 pages; \$19.95
WITH A DAUGHTER'S EYE by Mary Catherine Bateson; Morrow; 242 pages; \$15.95

She isn't planning to be the best anthropologist, but she *is* planning to be the most famous," the elegant anthropologist Ruth Benedict once observed of her prize student at Barnard.

Few predictions by a teacher have proved to be more accurate. A half-century later, just before her death in 1978, Margaret Mead had become so famous that a lot of people who read her column in *Redbook* or saw her on the *Tonight* show did not even know that she was an anthropologist. She was simply Margaret Mead, a celebrity, as bursting with opinions as Norman Mailer, as free with advice as Ann Landers.

Should marriage vows cover more than five years? Must infants be so swaddled? Need adolescents feel guilt? Before television cameras, on hundreds of lecture platforms, in thousands of lines of print, Margaret Mead emphatically doubted it. Flouncing her cape, thumping her cherrywood walking stick and shouting, "Fiddlesticks!" (her battle cry against cant), she became one of those native oracles, full of cranky common sense and hearty exhortation that Americans cannot resist.

Biographer Jane Howard (*A Different Woman, Families*) spent five years studying the making of Margaret Mead. Mead's only child, Mary Catherine Bateson, has, like most children, gone through a lifetime trying to understand her mother and her father, British Anthropologist Gregory Bateson. Both women have produced fascinating portraits of a stubbornly enigmatic subject.

Even as a young woman of 27, about to earn her first fame as the author of *Coming of Age in Samoa* (1928), Mead seemed an odd sort of anthropologist. She was a city person, passionately attached to Manhattan, who positively disliked the country. She became claustrophobic in native huts. She had little taste for artifacts. Her passion was for collecting people. From the time she took charge of her playmates' games, Mead proved a relentless organizer of others, regardless of their sex. In college, she formed the "Ash Can Cats," her first extended family, and bound these classmates to her for the rest of her life.

Engaged at 16, Mead garnered and jettisoned husbands with a kind of innocent ruthlessness. She was married to Luther Cressman, a minister with an interest in sociology, when she went to Samoa. On the way back she met a young New Zealand scholar, Reo Fortune, soon to be husband No. 2. In 1932, while Fortune and Mead were doing research in what is now Papua New Guinea, they met Gregory



Margaret Mead: thumping her walking stick

Excerpt

“Nobody was indifferent to Margaret Mead. She was loving, scolding, ebullient, irksome, heroic, and at times vindictive. Like most great characters, she was inconsistent. As a young girl she acted like an old lady, and as one of the fabled elders of this century she could be a coquette and even, as one of her friends said, ‘a brat.’

What made her unique was her energy and her ability to make the most of everything, even hurricanes, volcanoes and fractured bones. Because she was so chronically excited, she was exciting, and the excitement was contagious.

—Margaret Mead: *A Life*

Bateson. Other anthropologists brought data home from the field; she returned with new husbands as well.

To be recruited into Margaret Mead's life was an intense, sometimes perilous privilege. Her cluttered sixth-floor office in the tower of the American Museum of Natural History, her headquarters for nearly 50 years, often became a stage where doors slammed and tears fell copiously.

If Mead could be exacting with colleagues, she was scarcely less demanding of her friends. People she had not seen for a while were subjected to “marathons of conversation, often exhausting.” From Samoa to Greenwich Village, it seemed, she was everybody's mother—an irony not lost on Mary Catherine Bateson, now an anthropologist herself, who judged Mead to be “less than fully nurturant” when it came to her own daughter. Bateson expresses bittersweet amusement at her mother's boast that when Baby Cathy was six weeks old, “we let the nurse go and took care of her ourselves for a whole weekend.”

For Mead, having a child seemed rather in the nature of a field trip. She took the notes while Gregory took the pictures. At one point, the couple contemplated setting up floodlights in order to be able to record on film any sudden, surprising move on the part of the specimen in their nursery.

Howard's biography is shrewd and intelligent and supplies all the details about Margaret Mead, down to her recipe for salad dressing. Bateson's memoir is more an act of poetic intuition. Yet she is blunter than Howard about her mother's affairs with lovers of both sexes, and more specific about the earth mother's need to be mothered herself.

How will those future generations that Mead so maternally cared about view her? These two books make the controversy started since her death by the anthropologist Derek Freeman, a professor in Australia, seem a bit beside the point. Did, as Freeman argues, Mead misread her celebrated Samoans? Were they as marvelously gentle as she thought them to be? Mead's conclusion, or wish, may have been less a matter of scholarship or research than of character. More evangelist than scientist, she appeared to believe that the ultimate purpose of anthropology is to increase a sense of life's possibilities.

If that makes her look like the last of the 19th century optimists, so be it. But with what enthusiasm, with what generosity she invited the human race to share her faith! This may be what Gregory Bateson meant when he predicted that in the years ahead people will recognize Margaret Mead's contribution as being enormous—without being able to say quite why.

—By Melvin Maddocks

Books

Byting Back

THE SECOND SELF: COMPUTERS AND THE HUMAN SPIRIT
by Sherry Turkle

Simon & Schuster; 362 pages; \$17.95

When a talking electronic game chides a child of six for a wrong answer, she talks back to it. "My God," says her mother, "she treats that thing like a person. Do you suppose she thinks that people are machines?" She may indeed, according to Author Sherry Turkle, an M.I.T. sociologist and psychologist. And as this study makes clear, that little girl is part of a cultural upheaval.

Bookstore shelves sag under the weight of volumes quantifying what computers will do for our math, medicine and management, but *The Second Self* ex-



Sherry Turkle

Feeling awe at the computer's potential.

plodes a broader futurescape. Like the telescope, which forced man to accept a less exalted position in creation, says Turkle, the computer is challenging the manner in which we think about ourselves. "The question," she writes, "is not what will the computer be like in the future, but instead, what will we be like?"

To find out, Turkle became the Margaret Mead of silicon. During six years of study, she interviewed more than 400 computer users (about half of them children), lived in the subculture of virtuoso programmers, called hackers, asked electronic questions on home-user telephone networks and explored the wizardry of M.I.T.'s Artificial Intelligence Laboratory. In a series of vivid vignettes, she reports the various ways the computer "brings philosophy into everyday life."

Because hand-held electronic games are "smart" and talk back, children grant them a new existence, somewhere between the living and the inanimate. Alice,

5, thinks batteries are "like their food." Robert, 8, believes they are intelligent because they cheat. What then, Turkle asked, is special about people if it is not thinking? Feelings, children concluded.

Although Turkle suggests that computers have positive qualities—they teach math to the unscientific, for instance—addiction to them is a way to avoid human emotion. Jarish, 12, is a loner who relentlessly plays video games because, unlike people, they obey strict rules. "You walk out of the arcade," he says, "and it's... nothing that you can control." Arthur, 34, bought a computer to speed up his architectural business, but spends hours at the console, "poking" and "peeking" into programs, an experience he likens to a sexual kick. Says he: "Sometimes I feel guilty when I do it for too long."

Many home-computer owners believed they had bought a tool to simplify their lives. Others discovered that programming could become an end in itself. Hackers, says Turkle, are social misfits who construct digital utopias, hang out in pancake houses and admire the recursive art of M.C. Escher. At M.I.T. their nerdy abdication from society is "sport death"—programming for up to 30 hours without sleep before "crashing." Alex, a dedicated hacker, describes it as feeling "totally telepathic with the computer."

Artificial-intelligence theorists play more potent games. Teaching machines to play chess or ask questions like a psychotherapist's is only the beginning. M.I.T.'s Edward Fredkin, for instance, believes not only that machines will eventually think better than the best human minds but that "we'll be enormously happier once our niche has limits to it." What of people? David, 12: "They will be the ones who will love each other, have families and... go to church."

Like a proper social scientist, Turkle seems to pass no judgment on the mind-machine debate she so cogently portrays. But she is, after all, human, and hence can feel awe at the computer's potential. It is becoming, she says, "what sex was to the Victorians—threat and obsession, taboo and fascination." No printout could convey a clearer or more readable forecast.

—By J.D. Reed

Dyed Dogs

THE SEVEN MADMEN
by Roberto Arlt; translated by Naomi Lindstrom; Godine; 272 pages; \$14.95

It has taken a while for this novel to find its way into English. *The Seven Madmen* was first published in Argentina in 1929. Its author, Roberto Arlt (1900-42), was a disheveled Buenos Aires journalist who defiantly disregarded the rules of Spanish grammar and the finer sensibilities of critics. They in turn hoodled at his work, which included four novels, two collections of stories and eight plays. The

author once mordantly mimicked the typical response of his detractors: "Mr. Roberto Arlt keeps on in the same old rut: realism in the worst possible taste."

If anyone ever actually believed that this novel was realistic, then life in the Argentine capital must once have been unimaginably weird. True, the trappings of proletarian fiction are all roughly in place—low-life taverns, brothels and urban rot: "The setting sun lit up the most revolting inner recesses of the sloping street." But the anti-hero who stumbles through this landscape is a perversely comic invention. Remo Erdosain collects bills for a sugar company and engages in petty embezzlement. He also writes in noisy anguish at a world that can ignore his true genius. "Didn't they call me crazy," he asks an acquaintance, "because I said they should set up shops to dry-clean and dye dogs and metallize shirt cuffs?" One day, every-

thing gets even worse. His employer tells Erdosain that he must repay the money he has stolen or face jail, and his wife informs him that she is running off with another man. He luxuriates in grief raised to a higher power: "If he had had the strength, he would have thrown himself down a well."

Instead, Erdosain joins a mysterious figure called the Astrologer in a plot to take over the world. It goes something like this: Give the masses a new religious symbol to believe in ("harness the madman power") and then exploit their zeal to create wealth, in this case by mining gold in a remote area of Argentina. The Astrologer explains: "See? We'll lure the workers in with false promises and whip them to death if they won't work." Erdosain feels flattered to be included among the brains of this organization. His invention of a copper-plated rose, once perfected and put into production, will provide capital for the fledgling revolution, as will the string of bordellos the Astrologer plans to establish. Anticipating power, Erdosain dreams himself in a chamber at the bottom of the sea: "On the other side of the porthole, one-eyed sharks were swimming about, vile humored because of their ples... Now all the fish in the sea were one-eyed, and I was the Emperor of the City of One-Eyed Fish."

Such surrealistic touches, largely unappreciated during his lifetime, now mark Arlt as an entertaining pioneer in the new world of South American fiction. Despite his ineptitudes, Erdosain is astute enough to sense that "on a deeper level than consciousness and thought, there's a whole other life, more powerful and vast." *The Seven Madmen* staked Arlt's claim to a terrain that others, including Borges and García Márquez, continue to explore.

—By Paul Gray



Medicine

Can Science Pick a Child's Sex?

Doctors challenge new methods of granting an ancient wish

It is one of nature's most coveted secrets, and over the centuries many have professed to know it. Aristotle had a surefire formula: make love in the north wind to conceive a male child and in the south wind for a girl. Hippocrates had his own prescription—tie a string around the right testicle to stimulate the production of male seed, or the left, if a daughter is sought. Medieval alchemists had an even more exotic recipe for a son: a precoital drink of lion's blood and intercourse under a full moon.

While these theories have vanished into folklore, many prospective parents remain attracted by the idea that they might be able to choose the sex of their children. In recent years scientists have attempted to take up where the philosophers and alchemists left off. The results have been disappointing. In the 1960s Dr. Landrum Shettles of New York City's Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center created a sensation with his announcement that gender was influenced by the timing of conception within the menstrual cycle and by the acidity or alkalinity of the female reproductive tract. A douche of vinegar, he contended, would confer an advantage on sperm bearing an X chromosome (for females), while a douche of baking soda would shift the odds toward the Y-bearing sperm (for males). Shettles' theory has now been generally discredited.

The latest method that purports to select the sex of offspring is the brainchild of Ronald Ericsson, founder of Gametrics Ltd. of Sausalito, Calif. Ericsson, who has a Ph.D. in reproductive physiology, is the co-author, with University of California Obstetrician Robert Glass, of a 1982 book, *Getting Pregnant in the 1980s*. Gametrics' aggressively marketed method has stirred popular interest, but many scientists are skeptical. "This could be Landrum Shettles all over again," says Dr. Joe Leigh Simpson, a spokesman for the American College of Obstetrics and Gynecology.

Ericsson's theory is based on the fact that sperm carrying the Y chromosome move somewhat faster than sperm carrying the X. To select males, a sample of semen is placed at the top of a glass column containing a solution of albumin, a sticky protein normally present in such bodily fluids as blood and semen. After an hour, more Y-containing sperm than sluggish Xs should have sped to the bottom. The Y sperm are further concentrated by being run through increasingly thicker solutions of albumin. "It's like making them run the Boston Marathon with overshoes on," says Ericsson. The prospective mother is then artificially inseminated with the Y-concentrated sperm. Ericsson claims



Ericsson with customized license plate

that of 146 women who became pregnant by this method at clinics licensed by Gametrics, 112 bore males—a success rate of 77%.

Methods of selecting females are also being developed by Gametrics and others. The Philadelphia Fertility Institute is testing a technique that employs the glass-column race track and Sephadex, a gelatinous powder used to filter impurities from insulin and other hormones. In this case, the X-bearing sperm are the first to reach the bottom of the test tube, perhaps be-



Critic Carson of Michael Reese Hospital

"The figures are insignificant."

cause they are slightly heavier than Y sperm. Results in eleven pregnancies are encouraging: seven girls and one set of male-female twins. Nonetheless, a larger number of pregnancies will be needed before the method is proven.

Gametrics has licensed its patented procedure to 24 fertility clinics around the world, from Gretna, La., to Amman, Jordan. (In the U.S., such technology is not subject to federal regulation.) The clinics pay Ericsson's company up to \$15,000 in licensing fees, and many overseas clinics also buy sperm-separation materials from Gametrics. The Gametrics procedure generally costs between \$225 and \$350, and three or four inseminations are often needed before pregnancy occurs. Customers come to these clinics for a variety of reasons. Many already have children of one gender and wish to ensure that their next child will be of the opposite sex. Families with a history of certain hereditary diseases have a medical reason for sex selection: some genetic disorders, including hemophilia and a devastating form of muscular dystrophy, primarily affect males. There are also cultural motives. Most Arab and Oriental societies place a high value on male children as laborers, heirs and perpetrators of the family name. As one Chinese proverb has it, "Eighteen goddess-like daughters are not equal to one son with a hump."

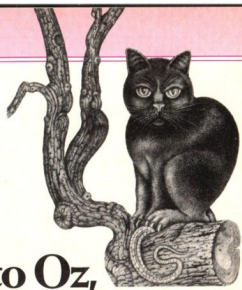
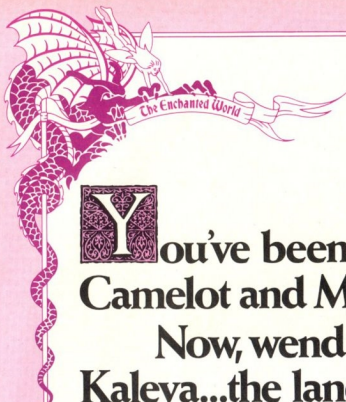
Some independent researchers suggest that the investment is a poor one. Reproductive Endocrinologist Sandra Carson helped test the Gametrics method at Chicago's Michael Reese Hospital. Although early results seemed encouraging, she says, "the final figures were insignificant." In their testing, Reese researchers found that the Gametrics sperm-separation method did not raise the concentration of Y sperm high enough to influence gender.

Ericsson responds to this criticism by charging, "Quality control went to hell at Michael Reese." Dr. Paul Dmowski, who left the program at Reese, also questions standards there. Dmowski, now at Rush-Presbyterian-St. Luke's Medical Center in Chicago, continues to use Ericsson's method and claims a success rate of about 75%.

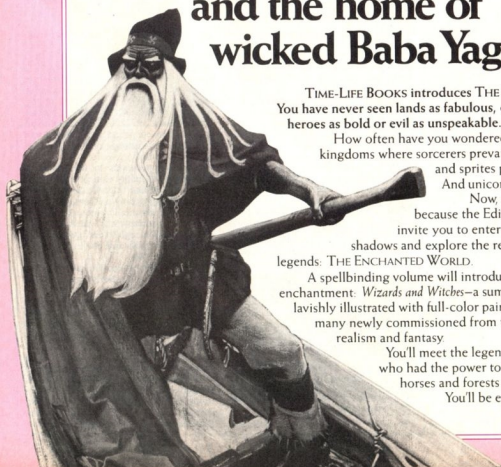
A number of leading fertility researchers warn that until large-scale scientific tests can provide evidence that sex-selection techniques work, consumers had best beware. "With all of today's sophistication about reproduction, the biology of sex selection remains a mystery," observes Elizabeth Whelan, director of the American Council on Science and Health, a consumer-education group, and author of *Boy or Girl?*, a 1977 book on sex selection. "Ericsson may be on to something," she allows, "but he hasn't proved it yet."

—By Claudia Wallis.

Reported by Charles Pelton/San Francisco



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Cinema

The Gams and Guns of August

A quartet of comedies and thrillers for dog-day afternoons

THE WOMAN IN RED

Teddy Pierce (Gene Wilder) is a sound husband, father and junior executive who, at a glance, falls prey to an obsession with the leggy Woman in Red (Kelly Le Brock). He is also the leading player in one of this summer's more pungent pleasures: a well-made sex farce of classical proportions. If there is a horse to fall off or an airplane forced to land at the wrong airport, you may be sure Teddy will be aboard. And if there is a husband who decides to return home ahead of schedule, you may be sure Teddy will en-

counter him—and scramble out onto a ledge 100 ft. above the ground.

Adapting the 1977 French movie *Pardon Mon Affaire* to his own rubber-faced disciplines, Writer-Director Wilder has fashioned an ironic, worldly, yet sternly moral comedy that gives an energizing twist to every farcical convention and finds the perfect timing for every rubber-faced reaction to calamity. Judith Ivey as a wife whose dimness is perfectly shaded, Gilda Radner as an angry romantic, and Charles Grodin as a secretive goof all follow their leader's spirit. The result is the summer's first comedy for adults. May they respond profitably to so rare a gift.

—By Richard Schickel

RED DAWN

Ronald Reagan may have been kidding when he announced that he had authorized the nuking of the Soviet Union. John Milius, though, is deadly serious. For 15 years the writer-director has been devising scenarios of mastodon machismo (*Jeremiah Johnson*, *Magnum Force*, *Big Wednesday*, *Apocalypse Now*) in which Real Men—guys so tough you could ice-skate on them—attain a state of Zen purity through self-denial, cunning and random slaughter. But these films were like peace pamphlets compared with his latest crimson vision. In *Red Dawn* he and Co-Author Kevin Reynolds suggest that the U.S. is susceptible to military takeover by parachuting Communist troops; that the Soviets would establish "re-education camps" in Colorado and show *Ivan the Terrible* at the local moviehouse; and that an army of Cubans and Soviets could be stalemated by the woodlore and firepower of half a dozen Foolhardy Boys and a

couple of radical feminist teeny-boppers.

It gets worse—or better, depending on your tolerance for fascist fantasies. The most sensitive boy in the group (C. Thomas Howell) is compelled to drink the blood of a freshly killed deer; later, asked what it was like to kill a man, he grunts, "It was good." The town high school's star quarterback (Patrick Swayze) turns to tossing grenades soon after his father shouts, "Avenge me! Avenge me!" He refuses, however, to kill a wounded female comrade (Lea Thompson), so she borrows a spare grenade to blow up herself and an enemy soldier. *Red Dawn* is too crude and incoherent to be taken either seriously by Milius' ideological allies or frivolously by the nuclear-freezers. So how to explain the robust \$8.2 million in ticket sales on its first weekend of release, when most Americans were engaged in the sissy activity of watching the Olympics? Perhaps the film's audience loves guerrilla theater, no matter who the bad guys are. You can, after all, key a crowd up by shooting at anything that moves. It doesn't even have to be red.

—By Richard Corliss

TIGHTROPE

When Hollywood actors play against type—when the hunk plays a drunk, or the leading lady a slattern—they can count on critical raves and Oscar nominations. Clint Eastwood has tried something more dangerous in *Tightrope*: he has dared to play *into* type, to bring to the surface certain disturbing aspects of his Dirty Harry character.

Wes Block (Eastwood) is, to be sure, a tough, taciturn, street-wise (or, in this case, brothel-wise) detective, investigating a series of sadistic sex murders in New Orleans. But there are two major differences between Harry and Wes. The former has always been rootless as well as ruthless, whereas Wes' unhappy divorce has left



Clinical Eastwood

him with the custody of two daughters, to whom he can rarely devote the attention they need. And if Harry is brutally casual about sex, Wes is brutally obsessed with it. Since his divorce he has fallen into the habit of visiting the prostitutes he encounters in his work and paying them to submit to him in bondage. Because the killer he is stalking is also stalking him, and knows they share this kink, it makes Wes' job fatally risky. But that is minor compared with the risk

Eastwood takes in acknowledging the secret pathology of his basic screen character: cruel, dominating, sexist.

Writer-Director Richard Tuggle sets forth Wes' adventures in the skin trade unsensationally, in the manner of a police procedural, and deals with his aberrance with near clinical understatement. Tuggle also provides Wes with a feminist rape counselor (played with gentle force by Genevieve Bujold) to lead the detective back from his nightmare. Until his weak and unconvincing climax, *Tightrope* offers more intricacy, suspense and atmospheric color than most of Eastwood's other gumshoe safaris through the urban jungle. More important, it represents a provocative advance in the consciousness, self and social, of Eastwood's one-man genre.

—R.S.

CLOAK AND DAGGER

The fantasy life of any film extends only from the movie projector to the screen. Even children know this. Though they may scream and goggle at the antics of Indiana Jones or Luke Skywalker, they understand that their Hollywood heroes are two-dimensional toys to be left in the theater, not lived with. The modest achievement of *Cloak and Dagger* is to dramatize this distinction. Davey Osborne is a boy who, after the death of his mother, has retreated from home-

life into the derring-do world of a video game and its hero, Jack Flack. When Davey gets embroiled with some genuine spies and thugs, no one believes him, least of all his gruff but caring father. Because both Dad and Jack Flack are played by Dabney Coleman, the viewer can easily compare the strengths and limitations of these two fantasies: the film fantasy of a rogue adventurer vs. the domestic fantasy of an everyday hero like Dad. "Heroes don't just shoot people," Dad tells Davey. "They put supper on the table."

This homey moral is embedded in an anthology of Hitchcock twists: the missing finger from *The 39 Steps*, the midnight air fight from *North by Northwest*, the dangerous secret from *The Man Who Knew Too Much*. Writer Tom Holland and Director Richard Franklin (who last year collaborated on the ham-fisted sequel to Hitchcock's *Psycho*) work these devices neatly into the plot, though the visual style is as flat as a TV movie's. Henry Thomas, best known as E.T.'s best friend, is strong and touching as the boy who must soon try to make his peace with the real world, and Coleman is just fine as the split-image hero who can lead him into it.

—R.C.



Leggy Le Brock



Thomas and Coleman

Theater

A Schooling in Surveillance

TARTUFFE by Molière; Translated by Richard Wilbur

One measure of great literature is its capacity to serve as a mirror, allowing each interpreter to see his own concerns reflected. By that standard, Rumanian Director Lucian Pintilie's vision of *Tartuffe*—a portrait of an absurdist, spy-flecked totalitarian state—is not only legitimate but a tribute to the hardihood of Molière's 17th century satire of conformity and misplaced religious fervor. Pintilie's production at the Guthrie Theater in Minneapolis will not please purists: it is manic rather than mannered, it looks abstract and austere rather than luxuriously "in period," and it ingeniously takes liberties with the plot without altering the text. Yet the laughs it gets are Molière's laughs. The random frenzy with which justice is dispensed at its end seems no more arbitrary than Molière's happy ending. And Pintilie's humor, like Molière's, is noisy, naughty and spiritedly physical.

Tartuffe is the alias of a trickster who poses as a selfless holy man; he induces a pious bourgeois to part with his money, his house, his daughter's hand in marriage and, ultimately, his most dangerous possession, a cache of incriminating documents left by a friend who has fled into exile. In his infatuation with Tartuffe, the good, decent Orgon alienates almost every member of his household; yet when ruin strikes, they rally loyally to him. The crucial question for every production is whether Orgon (a role Molière himself played) deserves this fidelity. Is Tartuffe an obvious rogue and Orgon therefore a buffoon who should know better? Or does



Yulin, below, is robbed by Francis-James
Inspired inventions and visual élan.

Tartuffe maintain at least a hint of plausible sincerity? The latter approach enhances the play's tragic and cautionary dimensions; the former affords broader comedy and a villain to hiss at.

Pintilie opts for farce and melodrama. As directed by him, Gerry Bamman's Orgon is pompous, adenoidal, often petulantly childish; he reveres Tartuffe in order to assert his moral superiority over a family that has grown fractious. Harris Yulin's Tartuffe is cold and cobra-like, vengeful and vain. He has a genuine element of fervor: he endures ritual flogging, dispenses alms, even appears to heal the

halt and lame. But there is nothing inspirational in him and nothing ennobling in his impact. In the opening scenes, the actors appear in clownish whiteface and lurch like robots. The playing reaches its tenderest pitch at an utterly perverse moment: Harriet Harris, as Orgon's wife, fakes lust for Tartuffe so as to reveal his perfidy to her husband, throbbing with an emotion that we never see Orgon arouse in her. The play's visual imagery is equally extreme. At the moment the lights go up on the institutional white, bricklike walls, geometrically marked floors and scattered cushions that are to pass for a Paris mansion, a basket is overturned, and the stage is suddenly bestrewn with red apples, which reappear throughout the show as tokens of temptation or insignia of passion. At the end, Tartuffe arrives to claim Orgon's fortune in a 1930s gangster-style roadster that literally bursts through the back wall of the set. His face is scarred; his henchmen wear fedoras; his manservant (Peter Francis-James), who in Pintilie's most inspired invention turns out to have been spying for the King all along, guns him down.

Merging the characters of the manservant and the King's messenger converts the monarch from a protector to a tyrant who will let his citizens suffer to increase their awe and dependence. The change derives from a genuine insight: as Pintilie notes in the program, the play is full of instances of people being spied upon, or believing that they are. Perhaps it takes an East European, schooled in the ways of the surveillance state, to grasp the political implications of that conventional element of farce. But for spectators in the American Midwest, the climactic revelation is perceptibly, persuasively chilling.

—By William A. Henry III

Milestones

MARRIED. Kathleen ("Koo") Stark, 28, American actress, formerly sizzling in soft-core porn films, now fizzling in legit movies (this summer's *Electric Dreams*) and once Prince Andrew's not-quite-a-lady friend; and Timothy Jeffries, 22, British heir to the \$76 million Green Shield trading-stamp fortune; both for the first time; in London.

DEPORTED. Valerian D. Trifa, 70, Archbish-
op who has headed the 35,000-member Rumanian Orthodox Episcopate of America since 1958; for lying about his leadership of a pro-Nazi Rumanian youth organization in order to obtain U.S. citizenship in 1957; to Portugal, after a nine-year legal battle in the U.S. Trifa surrendered his citizenship in 1980 rather than face trial on charges that from 1936 to 1941 he headed an offshoot of the infamous Iron Guard, the Rumanian equivalent of the Nazi SS, and that he incited an

abortive Iron Guard rebellion that became a three-day pogrom in which hundreds of Jews and Christians were murdered. Admitted to the U.S. as a displaced person in 1950, he became a bishop in 1952.

INJURED. Edward M. Kennedy, 52, senior Senator from Massachusetts and his younger son Patrick, 17; by Plumber Leonard J. Bell, 63, who apparently steered his pickup truck onto the wrong side of the road and struck the Senator's car head-on; in Hyannisport, Mass. All three were treated for cuts and bruises at a local hospital. Bell was cited for driving to endanger.

DIED. Tigran Petrosian, 55, one of the great grand masters of chess, renowned for his brilliant defenses, who held the Soviet national championship four times and the world title from 1963 to 1969; after a long illness; in Moscow.

DIED. J.B. (for John Boynton) Priestley, 89, prolific English man of letters whose accessible, entertaining novels and plays, criticism and essays earned him great popularity but never quite a major critical reputation; after a brief illness; in Alveston, England. Wounded three times in World War I, he went to Cambridge on a serviceman's grant. His two blockbuster novels, *The Good Companions* (1929) and *Angel Pavement* (1930), both filled with ordinary, likable characters, gained him fame; during the next decade he devoted himself mainly to the theater, writing and staging such works as *Dangerous Corner* and *Time and the Conways*. His pessimism about the world infected his later work, which often satirized his country and countrymen. Priestley long refused all honors, including a knighthood and peerage, but consented to accept the Order of Merit from the Queen, an honor limited to 24 living Britons.

Essay

Holiday: Living on a Return Ticket

August is holiday time. France heads for the beach, Congress for home, and psychiatry for the asylum of Truro on Cape Cod. What makes for a holiday? Not time off from work. That happens on weekends, and no one calls that a holiday. Nor merely leaving home. That happens on business trips. Ask Willy Loman. On holiday one escapes more than work or home. One leaves oneself behind. The idea of holiday is a change of person, the remaking of oneself in one's own image. The baseball camp for adults, for example, where the bulky stockbroker, facing an aged Whitey Ford, can imagine himself the slugger he never was: that's a holiday.

On holiday one seeks to be what one is not. The accountant turns into a woodsman, the farmer into a city slicker. And when they all go overseas, they insist that their tourist spot be tourist-free, the better to experience the simulated authenticity of another way of life. To holiday is to go native, to be native—temporarily, of course.

Reversibility is crucial. One wants to be native only for a time. The true holiday requires metamorphosis, but, even more important, return to normality. Return is what distinguishes excursion from exile. If the change of persona becomes irreversible—if the Mardi Gras mask becomes permanent, grotesquely stuck—holiday turns to horror. One must be able to go home.

And there are many ways, besides a Cook's tour, to leave home. One cheap, popular alternative these days is the *psychic* holiday: the cosmos on \$5 a day. The preferred mode of travel is drugs, the destination lotus land. Madness is exotic. True, it is no longer celebrated, as it was in the heyday of R.D. Laing and the "politics of experience," as the only real sanity in this world of (nuclear, capitalist, fill-in-the-blanks) insanity. But it retains a mystique, a reputation for authenticity and depth of vision. We know that the mentally ill inhabit a terrible place, literally a place of terrors. But that makes madness, like its two-dimensional facsimile, the horror film, all the more titillating.

Forsome, therefore, the ideal is to go there on a visit, a trip. The most widely used drugs, in fact, promise to re-create the experience of a major mental illness. Marijuana lets you circumnavigate the land of schizophrenia; LSD parachutes you in for the day. Quaaludes and downers promise a languid overnight stay in the Lethan land of depression, cocaine in the energized hothouse of mania.

As in any holiday, however, there must be an exit. For a drug to be widely popular it must be thought to be nonaddictive. That was cocaine's early, and false, claim to fame: the perfect high, it gets you there and back. (It is only those living in utter despair who choose a drug like heroin that takes you there for good: they are seeking not to holiday, but to emigrate.) The spirit of the *psychic* holiday was uncannily captured by Steven Spielberg, when he called Michael Jackson's peculiar child fantasy world (Disney dolls, cartoons, asexuality) a place where "I wish we could all spend some time." Living there, like living in New York, being another matter altogether.

For others there is the thrill of the *political* holiday, which offers not personal but social upheaval. It is a favorite recreation of what V.S. Naipaul calls the "return-ticket revolutionary," the comfortable Westerner who craves a whiff of social chaos and will travel to find it. First we had the Venceremos Brigade, eager to swing a sickle at people's cane. Now we have the European

and American kids who hang around Managua wearing combat boots and T shirts that read NICARAGUA LIBRE. In the '70s it was Gale Benson, the bored, white English divorcee, who followed the cult of Black Power Militant Michael X to Trinidad to play at a revolution. Now it is the carpenter from South Shields, England, wearing a kaffiyeh and an AK-47, who is evacuated from Tripoli after five weeks with the P.L.O., and tells a reporter aboard his Yemen-bound ship that he plans to fight Israel for a year or two more, then go home to England.

They will always be with us, these political truants, and you shall know them by the return tickets in their pockets. Strife, preferably war, is for them fun, or at least a relief from the boredom of civilization. And for them, though not for the natives they patronize, when things get hot there will always be England.

Foreign correspondents, who commute to war by day, then return for drinks at the Hilton, know something of the thrill the traveling revolutionary seeks. "Nothing in life is so exhilarating as to be shot at without result," said Winston Churchill, himself a war correspondent. Journalists, however, remain observers. They do not pretend to have remade themselves from a gringo into a Sandino, precisely the conceit of the return-ticket revolutionary.

Finally, there is the cheapest vacation of all: the *moral* holiday, when the rules are suspended and one is transformed into anything one wants. There are two ways to achieve this happy condition. One is to stay home and wait for an official suspension of the rules, an official "letting go" (that is what the Russian word for vacation means) like the *Fasching* in Germany or Mardi Gras in the Americas. The other way is to travel to a place where one can make up one's own rules. Some go to Club Med to shed pinstripes for swim trunks, a billfold for beads and a metropolitan persona for any laid-back one they choose to invent.

Some, like Billy Graham or the latest tour from the National Council of Churches, go to the Soviet Union and make up entirely new meanings for words like freedom. "We believe they are free," said N.C.C. Tour Leader Bruce Rigdon of the McCormick Theological Seminary, referring to Soviet demonstrators thrown out of Moscow's Baptist Church. And some go to the Middle East, on which they pronounce solemn, chin-tugging judgment full of right and wrong and anguished ambivalence, to make up rules—for others. There are so many of these travelers that the Middle East has become, in Saul Bellow's words, the "moral resort area" of the West: "What Switzerland is to winter holidays and the Dalmatian coast to summer tourists, Israel and the Palestinian are to the West's need for justice." The West Bank alone offers the moral tourist a sandbox full of paradoxes, ironies and ambiguities too neat, and cheap, to refuse. For the Israeli these are questions of life and death; for the traveling moralist (lives there a columnist who has not made the hajj?), they are an occasion for indignation and advice, the consequences of which are to be observed safely from overseas.

In the end, it is the two-way ticket that makes the holiday of whatever type at once so safe, so pleasurable, and, literally, so irresponsible. It is a walk on the wild side, but a walking tour only; a desire to see and feel and even judge, and then leave. To stay—i.e., to be serious—is to miss the point. "A perpetual holiday," said George Bernard Shaw, "is a good working definition of hell." Getting home isn't half the fun. It's all of it.

—By Charles Krauthammer

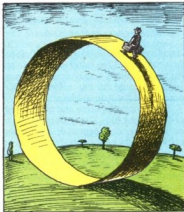
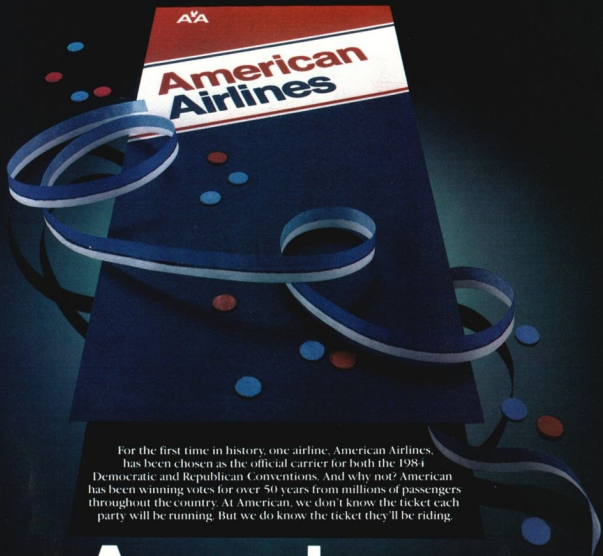


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